

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

AUGUST 31, 1940

WHO'S WHO

AILEEN O'BRIEN comes to our rescue to answer the hundreds of inquiries: What about Spain in the present European melée? She needs no introduction to readers of AMERICA and will be remembered by the throngs, who packed the lecture halls all over the country to hear her present the cause of real Spain during the Civil War, as the Little Lady wearing the red beret and insignia of a captain of the Navarrese Requetes. . . . HENRY WATTS, as his host of friends and acquaintances will testify, is far from Machiavellian in his principles, despite his present defense, on other grounds, of the much-maligned author of *Il Principe*. . . . GAULT MACGOWAN writes from England where he is presently retained as observer and correspondent of the New York *Sun*. Though he is not a Catholic, Mr. MacGowan's reverie breathes the prayerful atmosphere about the Tabernacle. . . . FIRST WARD COUNCILMAN, in this concluding article, reads sound advice to Mr. Average Citizen about civic duties in local management problems. . . . TAD ECKAM is not a new name on the list of authors. He will be remembered for his past contributions about the Ford labor dispute in St. Louis and the "red" terrorism of Ybor City. His current observations deal with San Antonio's recently opened housing project. . . . NATHALIA CRANE, who proved to the world, at the age of eleven, that she was to the poet's nature born, demonstrates her versatility as a creative writer of rare genius. . . . Penitence, temptation, prayer, action, zest for living are topics sufficiently varied to test THE POETS' art and tempt the reader's taste. Some of their names are new to AMERICA'S poetry page.

THIS WEEK

COMMENT	562
GENERAL ARTICLES	
Spain Forges a Soul for the Reborn Europe Aileen O'Brien	564
If Machiavellian, Do as Machiavelli Henry Watts	565
In a Church Without Fear.....Gault MacGowan	567
The Noisiest Wheel Gets the Most Grease First Ward Councilman	568
Public Housing Day Comes to San Antonio Tad Eckam	570
CHRONICLE	572
EDITORIALS	574
Little Brown Jug . . . The War Is Near . . . Only an Incident . . . Where Is Your Child? . . . Willkie Accepts . . . Candidates and Catholicism . . . The Last Truth.	
CORRESPONDENCE	577
LITERATURE AND ARTS	
When Plato Banished the Poets..Nathalia Crane	578
POETRY	580
Penitential Avowal..Chrysostom Franklin Seery	
The Slave Philosophy.....Theodore Maynard	
A Prayer Before Action.....W. R. Titterton	
Mercy After Drought.....Dorothy Marie Davis	
Temptation.....Sister M. Francis Gabriel	
The Zest.....Helen Maring	
BOOKS	581
Expropriation in Mexico.....George T. Eberle	
Why England Slept.....Daniel E. Power	
The English Austin Friars in the Time of Wyclif Henry A. Callahan	
MUSIC	585
THEATRE	586
FILMS	587
EVENTS	588

Editor-in-Chief: FRANCIS X. TALBOT.

Associate Editors: PAUL L. BLAKELY, JOHN LAFARGE, GERARD DONNELLY,
JOHN A. TOOMEY, LEONARD FEENEY, WILLIAM J. BENN, ALBERT I. WHELAN.

Editorial Office: 329 W. 108TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Business Manager: STEPHEN J. MEANY.

Business Office: 53 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK CITY.

AMERICA. Published weekly by The America Press, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y., August 31, 1940, Vol. LXIII, No. 21, Whole No. 1608. Telephone BARELAY 7-8993. Cable Address: Cathreview. Domestic, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$4.00. Canada, \$5.00; 12 cents a copy. Foreign, \$5.50; 15 cents a copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA, A Catholic Review of the Week, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COMMENT

WHEN Senators in Congress launched a stinging attack on William C. Bullitt, Ambassador to France, for war-inflammatory remarks made in a recent speech at Philadelphia, counter attacks were naturally hurled at the Solons as men bent "on holding up military preparedness." Calm consideration of the Bullitt speech, however, will convince any unprejudiced reader of the daring attempt to involve our country in Europe's war. An ambassador's utterances are rightly estimated as reflections of the mind of the people of his country, and whether they are or not, they are so esteemed by foreign nations. In this instance, there can be no doubt that this speech had the blessing of the Administration. When our Ambassador to Canada, James Cromwell, undertook to air his views on the European situation, he was promptly censored by the State Department for utterances unbecoming an Ambassador. John Cudahy was more recently summoned home to explain certain remarks complimentary to German soldiers in Belgium. Yet the utterances of neither were comparable in unbecomingness to those of Ambassador Bullitt. But Mr. Bullitt has had his say, and with the full approval, if not the connivance, of the Administration. Assistant Secretary of State Welles has so stated. The Administration ostensibly stands for, and pays verbal homage to peace, but it is hard to reconcile its professed attitude with such provocative utterances as the President's "stab in the back" remark and Ambassador Bullitt's inflammatory appeal to plunge us into an unprovoked war.

IN his youth, Lord Rosebery predicted that he would in the course of time marry the richest heiress in England, win the Derby twice, and become Prime Minister of Great Britain. All three events were verified in his miraculous career. Almost equal good fortune may be promised to the person who can provide a permanent solution to the problem of the agricultural surplus of the United States—or of any other country in the Western Hemisphere, for that matter. Brazil, which burned, since 1931, 70,000,000 bags of coffee valued at \$500,000,000, is no nearer to a lasting solution than are we. Brazilian coffee farmers are now following the North American example in requesting their Government to indemnify them for plants they uprooted in order to provide for diversified crops. Crop loans and export taxes have failed to meet their needs. The ghost stalks menacingly in the minds of politicians here at home, as is shown by the choice for Vice President of a farm-surplus expert by both major parties in the coming election. Temporary uses give passing relief, such as the cotton-stamp plans for poor families now operated in Memphis, Tenn. Manufacturers and scien-

tists hold out bright hopes of diversified industrial utilizations of farm products. But these, for the great part, still look to the future for realization. The bright palm of fame still remains to be awarded.

— — —
STRIKING coincidence was recently discovered in comparing two entirely different maps of the United States. One of the maps, from a Government source, represented the crime rate according to counties throughout the country. The other was a map prepared by the Rev. W. Howard Bishop, of St. Martin's, Ohio, depicting the counties of the United States which are without a resident priest. Father Bishop is deeply concerned about the situation of such regions and has devoted himself, as a life work, to the formation of a special Congregation of secular priests to labor in the religiously abandoned rural sections. Out of the more than 3,000 counties of the United States, it is estimated that some 1,000 are without a resident priest and, thereby, are deprived of the regular ministry of the Church; are without Mass, Sacraments, or the Word of God. Placing by chance the Government crime map over the religious map revealed the startling fact that the proportion of crime in the United States was almost universally in exact inverse proportion to the number of priests. Crime was uniformly greatest in proportion to population where no priests resided; steadily decreased in proportion as the number of priests was augmented. Study of this ratio's bearings is recommended to our sociologists.

— — —
FEW institutions have been more scathingly attacked by opponents of the Church than the Index of prohibited books. A Catholic clergyman can rarely seat himself in a group of even intelligent non-Catholics (or Catholics, oftentimes) without hearing the inevitable question: "Why does the Church forbid the reading of certain books? Am I not qualified to judge what is harmful to me, spiritually and morally? After all, one must see both sides of a controversy, if one is to be at all critical." But strange as it would seem, the very people, the very nations who have been most critical of the stand of the Church regarding the Index of prohibited books are precisely those who are exercising a similar censorship over the flood of propaganda in newspaper, book and magazine that is tumbling from the press of every nation. Evidently, the authorities are not so sure that their people are qualified to judge what is harmful to them. The Church's prudent attitude toward reading was strikingly emphasized by the Holy Father, at a recent audience, when he cautioned against the ly-

ing propaganda that has been deluging every nation on earth. His Holiness began his discourse by stressing the dangers of evil literature, and pointed out that it was this danger that caused the Popes in times past to ban the reading of pernicious books by placing them on the Index. Commenting on the current evils of a falsified press, he remarked: "It has been said that the tongue kills more men than the sword. In the same manner, lying literature can become just as deadly as armored cars and bombing planes." Judging from the precautions taken by many nations today, it would appear that the Church again, as often before, was centuries ahead of the times.

— — —

A GENTLEMAN wishes to bring to the attention of our readers a national conference that will be held over Labor Day in an upper New York town. The purpose is to "mobilize all the pro-British forces of this country" behind a nation-wide movement for United States intervention in the war. The sponsors of the conference blandly announce they seek an American declaration of war against the Berlin-Rome axis. They want the neutrality and Johnson Acts repealed; want to break off diplomatic and commercial relations with Germany and Italy; want the United States Navy sent over to collaborate with the British fleet; want a declaration of solidarity with English-speaking peoples, leading to a "Federal Union." They plan a "colossal educational effort" designed "to save the British Empire from certain destruction." We call the attention of our readers to the invitation and add a vigorous denunciation of "this national pro-war conference." We classify the sponsors of such pro-war purposes as subversives and as Fifth Columnists. To them the United States is not a country free and independent, seeking its own destinies, but a country that is to be utilized for other interests. Love America first, and other nations second.

— — —

WAS the work lost that Sister Constance, of the Sisters of the Divine Providence, expended on her Master's thesis? True, she died only forty-nine minutes after the degree was conferred upon her at the summer commencement of Duquesne University. She had been operated upon five days before the convocation. She had done graduate work for twelve years while teaching and had written her thesis despite illness, but her work was done for God and not for man. The marvel of the Christian Faith is that it offers no uncertain answer to such a query; no vague sentiment, no wishful moralizing, but a clear-cut assertion of the simple truth that not one item of Sister Constance's labors has been expended in vain; not an instant of all those long years. Every bit of her toil has passed into the great treasury of the Communion of Saints and is the property of the Church invisible and of her Sisters in Religion for all time. The fruit of that toil will be apparent long after those who witnessed and conferred her degree have passed away. These are the great mysteries which God,

in His Providence, likes to recall to our minds by suffering what appear to us like irreparable calamities to happen.

— — —

MOTHERS who hide their baby carriages when the landlord comes around could easily be induced to pray for his canonization. He was the "model landlord," newspapers told us, when he passed away recently. Would there were thousands of him! He had built a special baby carriage garage alongside the apartment he owned. He never asked prospective tenants with hostile suspicion: "Any children?" He must have believed that an apartment, no less than a home, is empty that does not echo the shouts and the laughter and the weeping of children. He had the strange habit of giving his tenants a fifty-dollar gift on the birth of a boy and twenty-five on the birth of a girl. With Francis Thompson, he is no doubt everlastingly at home in the "nursery of Heaven," welcomed even by little girl saints in spite of the fact that he put a lower evaluation on girl babies than on boys! Or did he feel that parents deserved greater recompense for the extra bother that boys would surely cause them?

— — —

COURAGE has always been one of Mayor LaGuardia's best characteristics, and he shows it again in his efforts against certain dangerous magazines. Catholics, at least, should applaud New York's Mayor, and see what they can do toward urging the Mayor of every town in the country to follow suit. To say the very least, these magazines, even when not openly obscene and degenerate, are fatal to anything like high spiritual ideals. They are earthy, of the earth; they foster the idea that the one and only kind of beauty is the beauty of the human body; they drag us down from the higher beauty of Grace, of the soul. What a shock to walk into a Catholic home and see a picture of the Sacred Heart on the wall, and a copy of one of these magazines on the table! Truly the mess of pottage for our birthright! Let us profit by the reminder the Mayor has given us, if such a jolt were needed.

— — —

SEPTEMBER 8 is the day set aside for the *Blitzkrieg* of prayer for peace. Very little time remains to mobilize all our forces, individual and congregational, for the drive. Congregational preparation may safely be left to Bishops and pastors and heads of congregations. Individual preparation is the personal responsibility of every man, woman and child in the United States, who sincerely desires to contribute to the cause of peace. It will consist of personal purification and personal sacrifice. It will mean emptying the heart of all hatred, and strengthening our faith in the power of prayer. It will mean thinking peace, willing peace, talking peace. It will mean prayer and severe preparation for prayer. Some devils are driven out only by prayer and penance. War is the most stubborn of such devils.

SPAIN FORGES A SOUL FOR THE REBORN EUROPE

AILEEN O'BRIEN

IN the present tumultuous state of Europe, Spain seems to have been chosen by belligerents and non-belligerents alike as a vantage point from which to view international events, and as a neutral sparring ground for diplomats and agents of all kinds. But these agents are so occupied shadowing and outmaneuvering each other that they hardly pay any attention to Spain from whom they might learn much. When they do pay attention, it is usually to misunderstand Spain, and abuse her, accusing her of all kinds of double-dealing. According to the revolutionaries she is reactionary, while the reactionaries find her revolutionary in the last degree.

As a matter of fact, to try to explain Spain's attitude at the present moment is practically impossible, not because it is inexplicable, but because the bewilderment that has gripped minds all over the world has befogged their understanding. Only a people such as the Spaniards, who have seen all material values fade and completely disappear before the imminent loss of spiritual values, can face with equanimity what seems like the foundering of all life and hope to those who regard civilization as a mere economic system.

The average Spaniard, and by that I mean the one who fought with the usual amount of bravery and determination in the Nationalist lines during the Spanish war, regards the future with equanimity, and the youth in general regard it with optimism and a certain amount of excitement. In one way or another, each one of these average Spaniards gives you to understand that the ideal they fought for during their war is as alive as it ever was, and will continue to live.

Although it was due to a certain extent to the human element of their bravery, determination and refusal to compromise, that the ideal was saved in Spain, had that ideal not been of itself immortal, it could not have been saved. General Franco expressed this national feeling when, on the Feast of the Race (also Feast of Our Lady of Pilar), he laid the laurels of victory at her feet, saying that every effort would have been unavailing had not she wished to grant him victory.

Spain was stripped of all her illusions and, therefore, faces the future without hysteria. The nineteenth century with its soul-killing materialism, with its hypocrisy that changed glorious Charity into Humanitarianism, is not veiled for the Spaniards in a sort of romantic haze expressed by the words "the good old times." The nineteenth cen-

tury ended for the Spaniard, in this logical and realistic country, with the killing of one brother by another and the threatened annihilation of all that other and cleaner centuries had set up.

The Spaniard believes that if the Manchester School of economics and *laissez-faire* did not finish Christianity, neither can National-Socialism. And that is precisely the sort of remark that bewildered humanity, outside Spain, cannot grasp. That Mr. Churchill says he is defending Christianity, does not prove to the Spaniard that he is actually doing so. The Spaniard remembers the same Churchill's statement to an Argentine paper in which he admitted that, while the "Red" cause was the "bad cause" he, as an Englishman with the interests of the Empire at heart, felt obliged to support it.

From the Spanish point of view, either you defend Christianity or you do not, always or never; not merely when it happens to suit you. Falling back on God when you fail to get the support of godless Russia seems like asking for a thunderbolt. The unfailing comment of the pro-Ally, after hearing the above statements from a Spaniard, is that Spaniards say Hitler is defending Christianity. But this only goes to prove my point that it is hopeless to discuss the situation of Spain at present.

The one country, perhaps, capable of understanding Spain just now, and not in a complete fashion, is France. They both have their decks cleared for action. Spain cleared her own, France had hers cleared for her and, logically, suffered more. During the Civil War here, a deep chasm of bitterness grew between the two countries, and the Spaniards blamed France for the fact that the war lasted three years instead of eight months.

It would have been logical to expect that the catastrophic defeat of France would be hailed with at least some revengeful glee by the Spaniards. Quite the contrary happened. With the defeat of France, the attacks against her disappeared as if by magic, and certainly by common consent of the Government and the people. The defects of France were forgotten and her virtues remembered. Not because the nature of the Spaniard is quixotic or chivalrous (he is far more realistic and hard than most men), but because the French people and the French press, following the lead of Marshal Pétain, had confessed unflinchingly that the sin of France was not unpreparedness but faithlessness. France in her confession was Catholic, and therefore once more a friend. This reaction, which star-

tled the pro-Allies and other foreigners out of their sad calm, was also promptly misunderstood, and Spain was expected to defend the material integrity of the French Empire.

But the Spaniards, as Catholics and friends of a penitent France, take it for granted that penance must be suffered, as they have suffered and are still suffering their own. The loss of colonies is hard, certainly, but it cannot compare with the loss of the soul of France and, according to the Spaniards, if war, calamity and the loss of all material goods were needed to make irreligious women stop murdering babes unborn and save their souls, war, calamity and the loss of all material goods were a small price to pay. That is Spanish realism.

I remember last summer, in a Paris salon, feeling waves of fear and nausea sweep over me as I listened to the calm and cynical conversation of certain very respectable French ladies, and I remember feeling that the murderers of Madrid, who machine-gunned their victims by the batch in the public parks, were not so bad after all. At least they knew that they were murderers, and those women did not. One can only lose hope for a man or for a people when he or they can no longer distinguish between good and evil, and France's rulers reached that stage. Another victory which would have been seemingly a proof of the correctness of their philosophy would perhaps have saved the Empire, but it might have finished France.

Marshal Pétain, who became Ambassador in Spain at the end of the Civil War, was beloved by all Spaniards and was, perhaps, the most successful Ambassador in Europe during that time. When, during his radio speech to the French people on the day he asked for peace, he spoke of General Franco as the man who held "the cleanest sword in the world," and said that the petition of peace was only "a small part of the debt we shall owe Eternal Spain," I was not surprised to see tears in the eyes of the same Spanish officers who had cursed France over the bodies of dead Frenchmen at Teruel and along the Ebro; but I thought that of all people listening to the Marshal only the Spaniards would understand what he meant.

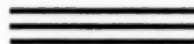
What he meant was that Spain, which had repented of her sins before it was too late, would be the champion of the ancient soul of the new France, as of the soul of all Christendom. For years past the old Marshal had been appalled at the downward rush of France, but it was only when he came to Spain that he saw quite clearly what was wrong with France. Therefore his impatience with those who wailed over details, and therefore his unashamed call for help from those who did not say they were defending Christianity, but who did so in reality by dying for it, and by setting up a new state whose every law is admittedly and proudly based on the Ten Commandments and on the encyclicals of two great Popes.

France is beginning to realize, what Spain knows as a fact, that Christianity is tied up with no one system of government, but that the duty of all Christians is to adapt every system of government to Christianity. A new system is what we make it.

Because Spain has turned her back on a system which has died, at least on the Continent, and looks forward with optimism to something new, the pro-Allies say that she is completely under the thumb of the National-Socialists. The only thing that disconcerts them is that Spain has buried the old system with a solemn *Requiescat in Pace* and is hailing the new with a resounding *Ave Maria Purissima*. That is the task Spain has set herself: the forging of a soul for the new Europe that must emerge from this war. It is only a heart-breaking fantastic job such as this that Spain enjoys doing; only Spain, that never feared the judgment of anyone but God, can do it.

IF MACHIAVELLIAN, DO AS MACHIAVELLI

HENRY WATTS



IT is with a certain coyness that I feel the urge has come upon me to say a word in behalf of my old friend Niccolo Machiavelli. The many acquaintances and benefactors, whom it has been my privilege to serve on the telephone will, I am sure, appreciate this coyness. But the occasion seems, nonetheless, opportune to speak the truth insofar as the truth concerns Machiavelli.

That may look like putting the case rather more strongly than it calls for. But let us consider the present attempt to be a vindication of Machiavelli; the rescuing of his good name and reputation from among a very scratch company in which present day ignorance has thrust him, and from which most likely he would beg to be excused.

When you come down to facts, blood is, after all, thicker than water, and Machiavelli was a Catholic, one of ourselves. It must be admitted, of course, that Machiavelli has been dead for quite some time, and his memory is not overly fragrant in the world. Yet, if you consider the facts honestly and objectively, you cannot escape the realization that he had distinct ideas where the line should be drawn. Machiavelli knew his religion, even if he was not always distinguished in his practice of it.

My deceased friend has been, and still is, grossly misunderstood. But the fault is entirely ours, not his. He thought clearly and logically; but our generation, if it thinks at all, labors under the affliction of having its thoughts all muddled. And this, very possibly, can be attributed to the mental divergencies of modern journalism which, with a sublime disregard for historical facts, plasters the term Machiavellian upon any sort of proceeding which it considers to be tortuous and tricky.

Now Machiavelli, for all his faults—and he was by no means a perfect being—appears to have been singularly free from the sort of tricky humbug that

is associated with his name. For example, he never, so far as one can make out, pretended to be any sort of ideologist. He was just a plain-thinking sort of man and, so far as history shows, never went to the extent of employing the word "ideology."

As an instance, there is nothing in the whole history of Machiavelli that even remotely hints that he was guilty of such unctuous humbug as discriminating between Aryans, so-called, and non-Aryans. There is nothing esoteric about this when you realize that the non-Aryans, that is, the Jews, appealed to the Roman Popes for protection. And unless the whole course of history is a fraud and a deception, they were not disappointed of their hope. Take the case of the famous (or infamous, according as you have been educated) Borgia Pope, Alexander VI. When the Jews of Spain appealed to that Pope for protection against the rigors of the Spanish Inquisition, which had nothing whatever to do with the Roman Inquisition, Alexander VI offered them shelter and protection in Rome, and the Spanish Jews had a comfortable time in the Papal domains.

Now taking this one instance, the persecution of the Jews, from whatever angle you may consider it, it is not in the least Machiavellian. Machiavelli was not in the least interested in persecuting the Jews. He was just a simple Italian Catholic scholar, when times were hard and simplicity was at a discount in the European political market.

This term Machiavellian has for quite some time been used rather generously in regard to political personages. Mr. Hitler has been called Machiavellian, so has the former Orthodox seminarian Mr. Joseph Stalin, so has Mr. Neville Chamberlain, recently Prime Minister of England. As far as Mr. Chamberlain is concerned, there was printed a few months ago a photograph of him kneeling at Mass in Westminster Cathedral in London, and, having a proper respect for the facts of history, that action was possibly quite Machiavellian. For whatever else you may dispute about Machiavelli, there can be no denying the fact that he must often have been found kneeling at Mass.

Of course, Mr. Chamberlain is a Unitarian by religious profession, and a Unitarian is scarcely to be described as a Catholic. But when Mr. Chamberlain was discovered kneeling at Mass, he certainly was found to be engaged in a religious exercise that was not foreign to the character of Machiavelli. In other words, when you start pulling to pieces the reputation of Niccolo Machiavelli, it is rather important to realize that he was a Catholic. And a Catholic, whether you like it or not, is a moral person.

What interested Machiavelli (and it was his sole interest) was the internecine conflicts between states and cities, which were rending apart what today we know as Italy. Nor, should you be tempted to get an entirely wrong idea of the situation, did Machiavelli attempt to prescribe a rule of law that was to govern international relations. In his book *Il Principe*, he attempted to do no more than sketch out a line of political conduct which, so he thought, would conduce to rallying the state in

Italy against the conflicting elements which were leading toward national anarchy.

It is essential to bear this in mind, because Machiavelli is represented today as the founder and apostle of political chicanery. Actually, he was interested in nothing more revolutionary than the unity of the states and sovereign cities of Italy.

But, and this is of the first importance when the historian or the journalist starts to talk about the writings of Machiavelli, the Holy See thoroughly disagreed with his ideas as to the methods which the Prince should adopt to unify his state. Machiavelli was not getting psychopathic about foreign policies in general; he was not even wasting his energies about establishing a European hegemony. His mental activities did not stray beyond the conception of a political plan whereby there might be brought about a United Italy—and in all Europe there was nothing more disunited than Italy.

Now, there is a great deal to be said against the political philosophy expounded by Machiavelli in *Il Principe*. But there are two things in this connection to which nobody seems to have taken the trouble to give the remotest attention.

First of all, Machiavelli's book on "The Prince" was condemned by the Holy See. It was even placed on the Index of Forbidden Books, where it remains to this day, so far as the memory of man remembereth. And, secondly, Machiavelli himself accepted that condemnation. He submitted to the judgment of the Holy See, and if he did not revise his writings, there seems to be no evidence at all that he revolted against the sentence.

There was no effort on the part of Machiavelli to challenge the opinion passed by the Inquisition. He did not take up the attitude of an aggrieved Papist; and there seems to be nothing in history to show that he tried to organize an anti-Papal party. The Church declared that the principles enunciated in *Il Principe* were contrary to Faith and morals, and Machiavelli apparently was content to leave it at that. And of course, all that is judiciously glossed over by his defamers.

Never in the course of his career did Machiavelli make the slightest pretence of being infallible in either Faith or morals or politics. He was a child of the Renaissance, even if the children of the Renaissance were not always what they might have been. Machiavelli never put himself forward as an apostle of democracy (if there were any such at that time), and his conception of Christianity was not always one hundred per cent Christianly Catholic. This is not an attempt to show that Machiavelli was a saint by any means; it is merely an essay to show that he was not a humbug.

The point that is here being labored is that Machiavelli was not a political gangster. Theoretically, in politics, he inclined to the opinion that political ends justified the political means, which is not admitted. But for all that, when the Church, as the guardian of Faith and morals, put Machiavelli on the spot, he was humbly content to stay put.

And that is the point that is here being brought forward in Machiavelli's behalf. His ideas on political morality were not always and entirely above

censorship. But when the Church put a moral embargo on his political philosophy, it seems that Machiavelli recognized, without any hesitation, that there was a higher authority than the lucubrations of his own philosophical meanderings.

In other words, the phrase Machiavellian is not only much abused; it is contrary to historical fact. For if you are to be consistently Machiavellian, then you must consistently recognize that there is a spiritual authority that is superior to the philosophical excursions of the unguided lay mind. So if one is about to embark upon a politico-philosophical adventure along the lines of Niccolo Machiavelli, it follows, *par conséquence*, that one follows him in his submission to the Divine guidance of the Catholic Church. And that, of course, is where our modern Machiavellis get tripped up.

IN A CHURCH WITHOUT FEAR

GAULT MacGOWAN



THE Royal Borough of Kensington, London's smartest residential section, is a sea of signboards as the Kensington English that remain wait for bombs to fall and the Nazi invasion.

Evacuation has taken its toll. Shops, houses, offices and apartments are for rent at rates far below pre-war prices. Imagine walking into a smart apartment house in New York's upper Fifties and offering \$45 a month for an apartment! You could do just that in Kensington today and be invited right into the office to sign on the dotted line. Lots of houses can be rented for any fair offer; some in exchange for paying the rates and taxes on them.

The smart department stores have windows packed with goods, but most of them are hangovers from pre-war orders that few can afford to buy today. Consequently, most of them are marked down for sale at bargain prices before the raids come and destroy them altogether. In the half-deserted aisles within, customers are welcome events. A stranger can be sure of a glad smile and a hearty welcome from lonely clerks and managers, and from the army of brave salesgirls who carry on with heavy hearts and wondering eyes. Despite rising prices, rationing and the blockade, it has been a luxury buyer's season. For rather than get left with large stocks of mink and costly drapes, managements have kept prices down to suit the pockets of the heavily taxed Kensington English.

At the fashionable London tea-time hour, Kensington High Street in peace time is a sea of gaily dressed women and handsome escorts on their way to cafes and other rendezvous of the elect. I mingled this war-summer day with an eddy of people. I was drawn along with them, past shops, past

policemen on point duty, through knots of Australian, Canadian and New Zealand soldiers, past air-raid shelters; then between high walls into a *cul-de-sac*. A *cul-de-sac* formed by a wide-open doorway; a doorway that stretched forth welcoming arms! The hot sun vanished; the heat gave way to a gratifying coolness. The eddy of people fanned out. They took water from a font and crossed themselves. Men and women sank to their knees.

A notice board told me. We were within the Catholic Church of Our Lady of Victories.

I do not know why the church is so called. I do know why the people went there. Mothers were there to pray for sailor and soldier sons. War widows; gray-haired, distinguished looking men; white-haired, aristocratic ladies.

There was no lamp alight in the chancel. I wondered at first if I had come into one of those high Anglo-Catholic ritualist churches which long have been leaning away from Protestantism. The scene was not one expected in an English Church.

It had something within that London without had not. It was a very beautiful church; beautiful with stained glass; beautiful with simple stations; beautiful with well sculptured statues; perfectly proportioned, artistic, ungaudy.

As I took these things in, I found the light that I had missed. Directing me to it was a notice: "Since the outbreak of the war there has been daily exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in Our Lady's chapel from 10 o'clock Mass till sunset."

In the chapel of Our Lady of Victory my eddy of Kensington English was dispersed; kneeling to pray among earlier arrivals. It seemed a shrine of pilgrimage.

I watched a ruddy-faced man and a delicate lady who had raised themselves from their knees and now sat for a moment, faces turned to the altar. And as I watched, I saw their faces light up in affectionate contemplation of a well loved scene, care and worry fall from their faces, and peace and hope and confidence that was not in the world without come to them. A pledge of victory?

All I knew was why that church was an oasis in wartime Kensington. No "For Rent" notice was in the chapel window. No "For sale regardless of cost" placarded the votive candles; no banner line gave directions to the nearest air-raid shelter. It was a church without fear. Here was sanctuary itself. Neither fear written nor fear unwritten. Nor yet the well bred and restrained apprehension that is the nearest approach to panic among the English.

I sought to know more about this church. In the porch I paid for a copy of the *Kensington Catholic Kalendar*. In a London bus I sat down to read this monthly magazine. Any lingering doubts on the real Catholicity of the shrine were quickly dispelled. I learned that the rector was the Very Rev. James Canon Alexander Walton and read:

"The Church's headquarters may be in Rome but if they were moved to Calcutta tomorrow . . . should we then be labeled Calcutta Catholics?"

There was no doubt then. The church without fear was a Roman Catholic Church. The author, Edward Hirst, professed:

Personally, I insist on being classified as R. C. It means Real Christian . . . one who believes in the Holy Catholic Church which is the union of all the faithful under One Head, Jesus Christ, and which has a visible mark upon earth in the Bishop of Rome. . . .

Here in our own England we have a people hungering for happiness. They eagerly lap up any new-fangled idea or the milky platitudes of soul-soothing columnists in the Press which seem to ease, if only temporarily, the aching of their poor, tired souls. They are hungry for Truth. We have it. They seek comfort and rest. We can offer them both. They thirst after joy and fun. Again we have both. Yes, it's even great fun being a Catholic. The Americans say there is no fun like work. I say there's no fun like faith. We ought to enjoy being Catholics. Is not joy one of the gifts of the Holy Ghost?

"More bombs on England" shrieked the news-stand posters as my bus sped by. But bombs are stale news. The *Kensington Catholic Kalendar* was more exciting uplift. In Protestant England was testimony. I turned to the editorial:

The statue of Saint Thomas More was exposed for veneration before the High Altar on the occasion of the feast of the English Martyrs at the beginning of May. The statue still stands there and will continue to do so during these troubled times; surely no greater model can be placed before us. He gave his life for his faith and for his country—to preserve that faith for his country; but more than that—he is a model to us of resignation under adversity. He is said to have died laughing; he certainly lived laughing. . . . So we turn to him now and pray: Saint Thomas More, help England!

There is so much to quote; so little space to let the *Kensington Catholic Kalendar* tell its story:

Last month, we resumed, for the first time since the outbreak of War, the procession on the first Sunday of the month. The Children of Mary, after their long rest, turned up in goodly numbers to honor Our Lady in her May procession. In fact, the numbers were so good that it is proposed to continue the experiment (of a procession in honor of Our Lady) whilst the light evenings prevail—provided, of course, that no drastic alteration takes place in our mode of life.

The reason for having a procession in honor of Our Lady rather than the more usual procession of the Blessed Sacrament is a very practical one—more altar servers are required for the latter than the former; National Service, in its various forms, is already making a heavy demand on our resources in the way of young men—and the demand promises to grow heavier.

Under Men's Club Notes, the following:

It was a treat to see Jimmy Mortell back again. His stories of what he went through at Namsos make us more and more proud of the Royal Navy . . . the ship was hit by a bomb and damaged and so had to be sunk. . . . Jimmy got back safe and sound—and he's ready to go out again!

The Church without Fear—Laughing Saint Thomas More—Jimmy Mortell ready to go back again from High Street Kensington to bombings and sinkings at sea—does anyone doubt the protection of Our Lady of Victories?

In the *Kalendar* is "A Menology of British Saints." It includes Saint Agamund, martyred when 100 years old by ninth-century invaders, Saints Hedda, Theodore, Torthred, monks of Croyland Abbey, put to death by heathen, Saints Be-

occa, Ethor and others who were burned in their Abbey in 878 by invaders.

So many centuries ago; and the names of those real Christian martyrs of those bygone invasions are thus remembered. *Mea culpa! Mea Maxima culpa!* I did not take the names of those who knelt in Kensington today.

THE NOISIEST WHEEL GETS THE MOST GREASE

FIRST WARD COUNCILMAN



HOLDING public office has proved one important fact to me. The ordinary citizen has to be a better councilman than the man he elects. You may give the title to Jim Jones, but the real job of running the city is yours. Jim is, after all, only your "servant," and you know how unsatisfactory most servants are without expert supervision.

"Eternal vigilance," which, we're told, is "the price of our liberty," can't stop when you've inked the little rubber "X" and pressed it against the ballot.

To see what I mean, walk over to my window in the City Hall here with me. Look down on the people moving along the street below us. Some of them are my constituents. Most of them are the constituents of one of the five members of our Council. But, they themselves are actually the councilmen. We are only their mouthpieces.

In other words, as our cities become more complex, the initiative for most municipal acts must come from Chambers of Commerce, service organizations, or from civically minded citizens. The reason is that, human nature being what it is, the instant one of us councilmen concocts a scheme for civic improvement, every other councilman almost instinctively asks himself: "What's he getting for his constituents that I'm not getting for mine? How is this going to help him or injure me at the next election?"

If, on the other hand, the suggestion comes from a service organization, it's no one councilman's "baby" and we all gallantly leap to defend it. If it's a "bad baby," of course, some of us may not be above making a little political thunder for ourselves by courageously pointing out its more obvious faults and attempting to "smack it down."

On the other hand, in your job of being a councilman-by-proxy, you'll have to grow as indulgent as we, your "servants," have become to the innate shortcomings of a democratic form of government. You can't, for instance, expect to run the city's business as economically as you run your own. To show you what I mean, let's imagine that we're still standing at my window in the City Hall. See that woman down there? She's our Police Matron.

Her salary is \$82.50 a month. But, she works only a few hours a day. If I were hiring her, I'd pay her no more than \$70.

See that man over there? He's our License Collector. He gets \$175 a month. Now that our city's income isn't meeting our expenditures, I'd be tempted to cut him to \$150.

Suppose we stopped there. Suppose we cut only those two salaries. For the coming year, estimated receipts into our General Fund, from which salaries are paid, are about \$66,000. Our rate of taxation for the General Fund is one dollar a hundred of assessed valuation. Conceivably, you own a home assessed at \$5,000 dollars. You therefore contribute into our General Fund fifty dollars for the year.

Now, suppose we cut the two salaries indicated above. On the Police Matron we save \$150; on the License Collector, \$300, making a total saving of \$450. On your five-thousand-dollar house, that saving represents only 15/22 of one per cent, or about thirty cents. Thirty cents off a fifty dollar bill wouldn't inspire you to rush out and tell all your friends: "That's certainly a wide-awake bunch of business men we've elected to the Council this time! They've saved me thirty whole cents."

On the other hand, a salary cut of \$12.50 a month represents fifteen per cent of the Police Matron's income. \$25 represents fourteen per cent of the License Collector's. Fourteen and fifteen per cent reductions in income mean something to these people. They're likely to become fighting mad. They'll be tempted to go out and tell all their friends: "If those fellows up there in the City Hall had half the sense of baby geese, and if they weren't lining their pockets at our expense——"

See what I'm getting at? You don't care. Thirty cents don't mean much to you as a tax-payer. But thirty cents are part of something that is of vital concern to the individuals who've lost it.

And here, inevitably, another element enters the picture. You, Councilman-By-Proxy, are also owner of the grocery store where these two employes customarily buy their food, or the department store where they select their dresses and suits. You meet them on the street. "Haven't seen you for a dog's age," you comment, hoping they'll unlimber and confess why you've lost their trade.

"Well, you've heard what that gang in the Council has done to our salaries, haven't you?" they retort. "Here we were expecting to come in next week and buy you out, but those smart guys——"

Then you, Councilman-By-Proxy, get mad. What do we mean by hurting business when things are quiet enough as it is? And so it goes with the butcher, the baker, and the radio salesman. Our beautiful, theoretically perfect democracy goes down for the count before the blows of brutally vital practical home economics.

Suppose, furthermore, that we set out to do a really thorough trimming of employes' salaries all down the line in an effort to lower our tax rate.

In the first place, that would mean a saving to you of less than five dollars on your fifty dollar tax bill because only a part of your contribution to the general fund goes for salaries. Now, four or five

dollars is a saving you're not likely to overlook, and still, one which you might take almost "in stride," muttering: "Well, it's about time we taxpayers got a break in this town!"

On the other hand, peek into the homes of our eighty city employes. Pa and Ma and three children; maybe Grandpa and Grandma, too. Every one of them boiling over with fury; every one of them a self-appointed Paul Revere to carry the news that "them crooks up in the City Hall are taking the food right outta our babies' mouths."

Within a day's time, you'd need considerable courage to walk down the street and face the glares of impoverished employes, their wives, and a posse of disgruntled merchants. You see, then, the dilemma, Mr. Councilman-By-Proxy. Shall we, by lowering taxes, injure a small group of highly talkative complainers merely to help a large group of more affluent tax-payers who don't care?

Specifically, I suppose I'm voicing a plea for a few sturdy Citizens' Pro Committees to offset the work of all our impromptu Protest Committees. Why is it, we in office often ask ourselves, that we always hear about the things that are going wrong in the town? Seldom are we given a word of approbation for the improvements we've made during our terms of office.

In this connection, two ancient proverbs are still timely and should head every Voters' Handbook in the country. First: "You get just as good government as you deserve." If neither a thirty-cent saving nor the principle of economical government which it represents means anything to you, then you can scarcely blame your "servants" if they're reluctant to throw themselves to the political wolves for that principle and the thirty cents.

So, help us, good citizens! Put yourselves in our places! Pretend you're Councilmen Pro Tem. Give us support and encouragement when we act unpopularity for your benefit. Praise us and fight for us when we're in the right.

Finally, remember that "It's the noisiest wheel that always gets the most grease." As long as minority protest-groups jam our city halls and stampede our councilmen, you'll have city government by and for minority protest-groups. As soon as you good citizens wake up, band together, and stand with us persistently for what's right and businesslike, you'll get it.

Whenever we in the Council choose between decisions, we know that about half the people will jump to the conclusion that we're wrong. We'll hear from that half before breakfast next morning. If we never hear from you; if all we get is criticism and abuse, can't you imagine that the time may come when we'll say: "Aw, what's the use? Maybe I've got the short-sighted slant, anyhow. Those folks who were pitching into me in open meeting the other night—maybe they're right. If I vote their way, at least they'll shut up and let us get some other work done."

So, if your city "servants" aren't giving you the government you think you ought to have, ask yourself: "How good a Councilman-By-Proxy am I proving myself?"

PUBLIC HOUSING DAY COMES TO SAN ANTONIO

TAD ECKAM

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, has been advertised as "the city of distinct charm and beauty." But San Antonio is also notorious for sordid slum areas, a blighted *demimonde*, occasional civic corruption.

Now there is a noticeable trend toward cleaning up some of the sore spots of the city, and this trend is exemplified in the official rehousing plan. In the generally cynical spirit of the present time, it is difficult to become enthusiastic over such government and civic projects.

Here at San Antonio people are no different than they are elsewhere. When ex-Congressman and present Mayor Maury Maverick proclaimed June 28 as Public Housing Day, I found that there was an astonishing amount of local grumbling. The tremendous slum clearance program now going forward was criticized from every conceivable angle. I more than suspect, however, that opposition arose among those who wanted a fetching finger in the pie, but learned that the pie was not being cut.

On the other hand, there are enthusiasts, mainly the social-minded (locally dubbed the "impractical") who contend that Public Housing Day is one of the most important dates in Texas history since the defense of the Alamo. They are the men and women who have visualized better home conditions for thousands of citizens "living" in the most primitive shacks. Foremost among these is Father Carmel Tranchese, commissioner on the Housing Authority, pastor of Our Lady of Guadalupe's ten or twelve thousand Latin American Catholics. "Without him," publicly proclaimed the Mayor on Housing Day, "the dream of slum clearance would never have come true."

Eight years ago, Father Tranchese came to San Antonio to take over an enormous Mexican parish as part of his Jesuit missionary experience. Disease and vice seemed a very part of the surroundings. The first of a series of astonishing discoveries made by him was the tremendous number of funerals at which he had to officiate. The mortality rate was out of all proportion to the number of people under his care. A little observation showed also that the birth rate was higher here than in almost any other part of the country; and a house-to-house survey proved that the over-crowded rooms in the shacks of his parish were beyond anything he had ever experienced.

The need for better living quarters stood out like a ghastly nightmare in Father Tranchese's mind. As Romer Shawhan, Federal Director of Projects,

said, the city had permitted "slum areas to grow within a stone's throw of its modern skyscrapers and the beautiful river which winds so picturesquely through semi-tropical gardens." The physical death rate resulting from such areas was bad enough, but the spiritual death rate has been even more disastrous. Good morals cannot flourish where privacy and the common decencies of life are impossible. Something had to be done; and it had to be done by an outside agency, for most of these families had incomes that were little more than a pittance. There was nothing for it but to ask the Government, Federal and civic, to help in re-housing these people.

Statistics, gathered in 1939 by the San Antonio Housing Authority, reveal why the idea of immediate self-help was entirely out of the question. The report covers 25,491 tenant families (more than a hundred thousand individuals) living in sub-standard dwellings, and shows that 2,071 of these families had annual incomes of less than \$250. Almost seventy-eight per cent of all the families reported annual incomes of less than \$950. Some of these families were paying monthly rents less than \$3.50, and it requires no great imagination to realize what hovels they could rent for that money. It was shown that as many as thirty families were forced to obtain their water from a single common spigot. There were 6,558 families paying \$14 or more per month for houses in which no utilities were included.

Father Tranchese readily admits that at first he had no notion of what the Government could do to help these people, but he was sure that anything at all would be an improvement over their situation. He worked day and night; met opposition with calm indifference, or with facts and figures scratched in his ever-present note pad. Besides carrying on the abnormally busy duties of an abnormally large flock, he consulted with local social-workers, city and State officials, traveled to Washington to consult the Federal Housing Authority.

Several times in the last eight years it seemed that the whole re-housing project would have to be abandoned; and several times it was abandoned—by everyone except this zealous and hard-working priest. He was dreaming of millions of dollars to be invested among people who seldom had a dollar they could call their own. Was he the impractical idealist, or could the thing really be subsidized by the Government and eventually paid for, at least

in great part, by the impoverished slum dwellers?

The partial answer to that question was given on Public Housing Day at the dedication of Alazan Courts, some of the units of which were ready for occupancy on August 1. It is only a partial answer, because only the actual use of these dwellings, and the manner in which they are tenanted and administered, will give the final proof of their practicability. Alazan Courts, contained within Father Tranchese's parish, will accommodate 932 Latin American families, and will cost somewhat less than \$4,000,000, ten per cent of which is supplied by the city, the rest by the Federal Government.

Let us see whether some of the objections, constantly made against Federal housing projects, can be dispelled in the program now going forward at Alazan Courts. The first objection is that such projects merely push the slums into another part of town, and that the former dwellers cannot afford to live in the new houses. In other places I have seen this happen, particularly in so-called slum clearance operated by private capital for private profit. But here at San Antonio the rents of Alazan Courts will be so low that practically all the families displaced will be able to move back again.

The city Housing Authority has promised that preference will be shown those Latin American people formerly resident in the houses torn down for the development. Rental rates for the new buildings were announced as follows: three-room unit, \$6.65 per month; four-room, \$7.50; five-room, \$8.55. Water will be furnished for the rental charge, and each family unit is equipped with bathroom in addition to the rooms listed. Gas and electricity will be furnished at wholesale rates to be established at a later date.

It is true that even this low monthly rental cannot be paid by some of the families, especially the larger ones and those in which employment is wholly sporadic. Thus it is clear that the whole scheme is not meant for a universal utopia. Only a utopian would expect that every single family be placed on a standard scale of living after they have for decades been living a sub-normal existence. Hard-headed reasoning shows that the whole movement for better housing is pointed to the majority of slum dwellers; and that some must still be left for future attention.

Another objection to such housing, voiced to me several times by San Antonio business men, is that the whole affair is overrun with wastage, that the Government is spending more money per unit for these buildings than private home-owners spend on their own residences. "The poor do not deserve such treatment," said one real estate broker, "because they are not economically productive enough to maintain these homes." Anyone who understands public housing is ready to admit that these people need financial assistance. If they could help themselves, they would not be living in their present squalor.

The fact is that the Government is providing a forty-per-cent subsidy for Alazan Courts, as well as for Wheatley Courts, Lincoln Heights, and Victoria Courts, the other San Antonio projects. By a proc-

ess of simple mathematics, workable by any school child, the remaining sixty per cent will be retired in sixty yearly payments. In other words, the monthly rental is fixed at a rate which will pay back this indebtedness. The grandchildren of the first occupants will see the day when Alazan Courts are debt-free.

As for wastage, let Director Shawhan point out that:

Included in the U.S.H.A. over-all cost of new housing is land for present development; non-dwelling facilities, such as playgrounds and recreational rooms within the project; administrative expenses, dwelling equipment, carrying charges, architect fees and, of course, construction and such items as charges for plumbing, heating and electrical equipment. . . . Statistics of the United States Bureau of Labor reveal that this average net construction cost is about twenty per cent less than the average for private building throughout the country. . . . Another economy being effected in the housing program is the sale of temporary, short-term loan notes to private bidders at interest rates averaging less than one-half of one per cent.

Another criticism of the current housing program is that this long-range planning is simply another New Deal pipe-dream. "Everyone knows that buildings depreciate in value, even disintegrate in materials within two generations." Ordinary houses are subject to such treatment, but these slum clearance dwellings are as nearly indestructible as architectural genius can make them. Floors, ceilings and stairways are of reinforced concrete, walls of hollow-tile and cement; shelving, casements and frames are of steel.

Still another favorite grumble is that the tenants themselves would "turn model housing into slums within six months," and they are so uncooperative "they would use bathtubs to grow vegetables or to store coal." This comes down to nothing more than the statement that slum dwellers are poor housekeepers; whereas the fact is that up to now they have had only bad houses to keep. Of course, no one can say just how the Latin Americans here will take to the new housing, except that there will be regular supervision, and stringent sanctions for violation of rules. Experience in England and other countries, however, indicates that over ninety per cent of transplanted slum residents respond satisfactorily to their new environment.

The strangest phenomenon of all at the Alazan Courts project is the disinclination of some of the Mexican families themselves. At Austin, Texas, the Mexicans feared everything from the novelty of gas ranges to the possibility of graft levies. At San Antonio the Housing Administration is anticipating some trouble in convincing them that the new homes are not "too good to be true." Malcontents, seemingly hired by the owners of other slum properties, have carried on whispering campaigns against the project itself and against the persons supervising it. Father Tranchese himself has been warned repeatedly to drop the whole affair, or to suffer the consequences. Up to the present there has been no violence, but suspicion smolders; and it will not be allayed until the Latin Americans have lived for some time at Alazan Courts.

CHRONICLE

WASHINGTON. Jesse H. Jones, Federal Loan Administrator, announced formation of two new Government corporations, the Defense Supplies Corporation and the Defense Plant Corporation. . . . State Department licenses issued to Great Britain for export of arms and airplanes were valued at \$131,818,972 for July, bringing the total value of licenses for implements of war issued to Britain in 1940 to \$271,084,739. . . . Henry A. Wallace, Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate, resigned as Secretary of Agriculture. President Roosevelt nominated Under-Secretary Claude R. Wickard, of Indiana, to the post.

— — —

THE ADMINISTRATION. President Roosevelt announced the United States is negotiating with the British Government "with regard to acquisition of naval and air bases for the defense of the Western Hemisphere, and especially the Panama Canal," that Washington is also conversing with the Canadian Government "on the defense of the Western Hemisphere." The President was reported to be communicating directly with Prime Minister Churchill over the trans-Atlantic telephone. . . . In upper New York State, Mr. Roosevelt reviewed 90,000 officers and men of the Regular Army and National Guard, engaged in war games in one sector of the unprecedented peacetime maneuvers staged throughout the nation. Following his review of the 90,000 soldiers, the President remarked: "Next year we'll have 200,000 men here." . . . Near Ogdensburg, N. Y., President Roosevelt, in his private railroad car, conferred with Prime Minister Mackenzie King of Canada; following the conference issued this statement: "It has been agreed that a Permanent Joint Board on Defense shall be set up at once by the two countries. This Permanent Joint Board on Defense shall commence immediately studies relating to sea, land and air problems including personnel and material. It will consider in the broad sense the defense of the North half of the Western Hemisphere. The Permanent Joint Board on Defense will consist of four or five members from each country, most of them from the services. It will meet shortly." . . . In a speech, approved by the State Department, William C. Bullitt, United States Ambassador to France, declared, if Britain is defeated, Germany will attack the United States, urged his radio audience to bring pressure on Congress for passage of peacetime conscription, legislation for approval of the proposal to release United States Navy destroyers to Britain. The State Department distributed the Bullitt speech to the press. . . . Germany asked the United States to change the course of the Army transport, *American Legion*, carrying 897 Americans and others from Petsamo, Finland, to the United States.

Berlin claimed the course of the ship would take it through the heavily mined blockade area between Cape Wrath, Scotland and Rona Island. Washington refused to alter the vessel's route. It passed safely through the blockade area. . . . Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox, made public, for wide newspaper publication, as part of the national defense program, four anti-German articles which were written by Colonel William J. Donovan and Edgar Mowrer.

— — —

CONGRESS. Before the Senate Appropriations Committee, General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, testified: "If danger threatens this hemisphere, we may require 3,000,000 men, even 4,000,000 or more, because our obligations are scattered in so many directions." . . . Senator Adams, of Colorado, refused to pilot the \$5,000,000,000 second supplemental defense bill through the Senate, explaining: "We are in no more danger of an invasion by Germany than we are of an invasion by Mars." . . . The Senate Campaign Funds Investigation Committee revealed it would send agents to investigate charges that Jersey City registration lists have been padded. . . . Senator Wheeler suggested cancelation of part of Great Britain's war debt in exchange for leases on naval and air bases in Britain's Western Hemisphere possessions. . . . Senator David I. Walsh, referring to the question of transferring United States naval vessels to belligerents, declared: "The sale of these destroyers to Canada would be as illegal as their sale directly to Great Britain." . . . The Bullitt Philadelphia speech, in which the United States Ambassador to France described the German nation as "a predatory army of assault," was characterized by various Senators as war mongering, advocacy of American dictatorship and "very little short of treason." Said Senator Holt: "Bullitt was brought back to this country for no other purpose than to incite a wave of hysteria and get America into the war." . . . The House Military Affairs Committee endorsed the original provisions of the Burke-Wadsworth peacetime conscription bill for registration of all males between 18 and 64 years of age. The Senate, 60 to 10, passed an amendment to the Burke-Wadsworth measure, exempting ordained clergymen and divinity students from military service but not from registration. . . . Senator Wheeler charged the Army was deliberately suppressing news of the success of its campaign for voluntary recruits, in order to make conscription seem necessary. . . . An amendment by Senator Lee to draft wealth as well as man power, was ruled out of order by a vote of 54 to 23, on the ground it was a revenue measure which should originate in the House. . . . Pages showing that voluntary recruiting quotas

had been "exceeded in every instance," were eliminated from *The Army's Recruiting News* on the order of Secretary Stimson, Senator Wheeler declared. . . . Senators Walsh and Reynolds asserted the War Department is discouraging one-year enlistments. . . . On the Capitol lawn, women representing an anti-conscription group hung a dummy labeled "Claude Benedict Arnold Pepper." Secretary of the Senate, Edwin Halsey revealed it was the first time in his forty years on Capitol Hill that a Senator had been hung in effigy.

— — —

AT HOME. Monsignor Joseph P. Hurley was appointed Bishop of St. Augustine, Fla., to succeed the late Bishop Patrick Barry. Monsignor Hurley, a native of Cleveland, served in Rome as a member of the Papal Secretariat of State during the last six years. . . . Calling magazine publishers and distributors before him, Mayor LaGuardia of New York admonished them to stop the sale of obscene, crime-breeding publications, warned he would treat pornographic magazines as sewage if other means failed. . . . Walter Chrysler, automobile magnate, died at Great Neck, L. I., aged sixty-five. . . . Following a conversation with movie-actor, James Cagney, Congressman Martin Dies expressed the belief that Cagney, Humphrey Bogart and Fredric March are not sympathetic with Communism. A misprint had caused the naming of movie director, Gregory La Cava, as a Red sympathizer, when it intended to so designate his former wife, the Los Angeles Grand Jury revealed. Mr. Dies asserted that many screen players allowed their names to be used by Communist-controlled organizations. . . . Voicing opposition to peacetime conscription, Cardinal Dougherty advocated the "traditional American way of volunteering." Archbishop Beckman and others expressed similar views. . . . Accepting the Republican Presidential nomination before 200,000 people in Elwood, Ind., his birthplace, Wendell Willkie asserted President Roosevelt has "dabbled in inflammatory statements and manufactured panics. The President's attacks on foreign powers have been useless and dangerous. He has courted a war for which the country is hopelessly unprepared and which it emphatically does not want." Mr. Willkie advocated "some form of selective service," stated "the loss of the British fleet would greatly weaken our defense," promised to "outdistance Hitler in any contest he chooses in 1940 or after." He expressed his belief in collective bargaining, Federal regulation of interstate utilities, in farm and old-age benefits, unemployment allowances, substitution of "the philosophy of production," for the "philosophy of spending." He challenged the President personally to debate public issues with him in various parts of the country, denounced the third term. . . . Secretary Ickes, answering for the President, revealed the President would not accept the debate challenge, referred to Willkie as a "simple, barefoot Wall St. lawyer." . . . Rebutting, Republican Senator Bridges characterized Secretary Ickes as a "Hitler in short pants."

INTERNATIONAL. In the House of Commons, Prime Minister Churchill, asserting Britain was willing to lease air and naval bases in the Western Hemisphere to the United States, said: "President Roosevelt has made it clear that he would like to discuss with us and with the Dominion of Canada and with Newfoundland the development of American naval and air facilities in Newfoundland and in the West Indies. . . . There is, of course, no question of any transference of sovereignty . . . but for our part His Majesty's Government is entirely willing to accord defense facilities to the United States on a ninety-nine-year lease-hold basis. . . . Undoubtedly this process means that these two great organizations of the English-speaking democracies, the British Empire and the United States, will have to be somewhat mixed up together in some of their affairs for mutual and general advantage. . . ." . . . In the House of Lords, Viscount Halifax announced an "agreement in principle" for the leasing to the United States of British Western Hemisphere territory. . . . Referring to the British desire for American destroyers, Mr. Churchill declared London wanted only that "our friends across the ocean would send us a timely reinforcement to bridge the gap between the peace flotillas of 1939 and the war flotillas of 1941." . . . Former War Secretary Hore-Belisha called for an "eventual common citizenship" of Britain and the United States. . . . The Duke of Windsor was sworn in as Governor of the Bahamas. . . . In Mexico City on August 21, Leon Trotsky died, assassinated by a supposed disciple. The assailant had been introduced to the Trotsky household by Sylvia Ageloff, employee of the New York City Department of Welfare. Trotsky, whose real name was Lev Bronstein, was born of Jewish parents in 1877 at Kherson, Russia. Associate of Lenin in the Bolshevik revolution, militant anti-God leader, Trotsky was responsible for the murder of millions of Russians. . . . Paving the way for a new totalitarian order, Japanese political parties dissolved themselves. . . . Germany banned the Norwegian Communist party. . . . In Shanghai, American and Japanese military authorities disputed over control of the British defense sectors in the International Settlement. . . . The first public religious processions seen in years marched through the streets of Vichy, temporary French capital.

— — —

WAR. Italian forces occupied Berbera, capital of British Somaliland, and drove the English army out of the colony. The Italian victory gave Rome an East African coastline covering part of the Red Sea at the "back door" of the Suez Canal, the Bab el Mandeb strait, the Gulf of Aden. . . . Germany proclaimed a total blockade of the British Isles. . . . The Reich pushed its aerial *blitzkrieg* against Britain, while huge Nazi guns on the French coast shelled the Channel and England. . . . British air armadas roared over Germany, Italy. . . . Japanese sky patrols loosed a steady rain of incendiary bombs on Chungking, Chinese capital. . . . Greek warships in the Aegean Sea were attacked by unidentified fighting planes.

LITTLE BROWN JUG

MORE than a hundred distributors of alcoholic liquors recently published an advertisement in a Southern magazine, which begins with the significant words: "Clean Up or Close Up." The phrase carries us back a quarter of a century, when Wayne Wheeler and his cohorts used to make the land ring with it. They were not heeded then, and there can be no doubt that the brazen lawlessness of the makers and venders of alcoholic beverages was the most influential single cause of Federal Prohibition.

The renewed activity of anti-*rum* associations in many parts of the country explains this advertisement, at least in part. The Southern distributors protest that a vast majority of the retailers in their State are "respectable and law-abiding citizens," but in spite of this majority, they admit that abuses have been so flagrant that an immediate check is necessary. They now have resolved to refuse to sell their wares to "law-breaking outlets," and have secured an opinion from the attorney-general that this plan is not illegal. Further, they ask the local authorities to cooperate with them in depriving of their licenses retailers convicted of law violations.

From the moral point of view, it is certainly true that an obligation rests upon manufacturers and distributors to refuse to sell when it is clear that the alcoholic beverages will be used in an improper manner. The same obligation rests on the retailer, and he cannot be excused from grave sin when he encourages, or even permits, the intemperate use of liquor on his premises. Were this obligation generally recognized, many of the abuses connected with the trade would be eliminated. But a very pertinent question in this connection is suggested by the Southern advertisers. Why should it be necessary to demand that the local authorities act promptly to put law-breaking retailers out of business? Apparently, there has been much negligence in this particular State, and the same bad report can be verified in other States.

From the very beginning of the Republic, the traffic in alcoholic beverages has been hard to manage. Whatever the solution of this difficult social and economic problem, a painful experience, lasting more than ten years, showed beyond doubt that it cannot be found in nation-wide prohibition legislation. There is a real danger that the war scare will be used by the Prohibitionists to lead the country back to another futile and disastrous experiment.

Conditions are better than they were under the Eighteenth Amendment, but no serious student of the traffic will agree that they cannot be vastly improved. The fundamental vice of regulation in the United States is that the sale of alcoholic beverages is considered primarily a source of revenue, instead of what it really is, a source of danger to individuals and the community. But when manufacturers and retailers cooperate with honest enforcement officials, we may hope for a satisfactory solution.

EDITOR

THE WAR IS NEAR

WAR is steadily enveloping this nation. It might be said to be surreptitiously creeping upon us. Cry out as we may against war, and against foreign entanglements, we must realize that we have now reached that point prophesied by President Roosevelt in his fatal Chicago speech. We are just this side of war. We are in fact, if not in formal declaration, the ally of Great Britain and of the Empire. British enemies have become American enemies. But, neither Congress nor the people of the United States have had a voice in this war that is upon us.

WHERE IS YOUR

THE founder of the school without religion is Julian the Apostate. Like most apostates, Julian was consumed with hatred of the Catholic Church, and on his rise to power, planned its destruction. In his selection of ways and means, he concluded that a system of godless education would be a most powerful agency for the development of a godless nation, and, incidentally, of a nation completely at the mercy of its tyrannical atheistic ruler.

His schemes were not notably successful in his day. But they have been revived from time to time, and since the religious revolution of the sixteenth century, they have reached a high development. Wherever you find a dictator, you find schools without religion or, more properly, schools that are anti-religious. The tyrants in Russia, Germany and Mexico have all been practical men. They knew that man could have no true freedom, except in subjection to the law of God. A campaign against that law is the beginning, always, of the destruction of human liberty, and nowhere is that campaign conducted more effectively, as experience proves, than in the school.

That the Church would have set her face as flint against the godless school, even had there been no Julian the Apostate, is perfectly plain. For the Church is aware of the simple truth, known to all thinking men, that there is no human activity whatever from which God can be formally excluded, without danger of moral ruin. In an activity so intimately affecting the nascent intellect of childhood, to exclude God

ONLY AN INCIDENT

CANADA has been our faithful and friendly neighbor. Her fate and future are linked with ours. While the latest mutual defensive measures may be necessary, they are in reality undeclared declarations of war by the United States. So, too, are the plans for taking over the British outposts in this Hemisphere. And so are the proposals to dispatch or to sell the so-called over-age destroyers. All signs point, not to preparations for defense, nor for a war forced upon us, but to a war of our own choosing. Nothing is needed now but an incident, which may the Lord avert.

S YOUR CHILD?

is to take the first step to form an atheist. It is perfectly true that out of stones, God can raise up children to Abraham, but in His ordinary Providence God does not work miracles to achieve His ends. He shows man the way to perfection and, leaving him to exercise his own free will, holds him strictly accountable for its use.

Our public system of education without God was not established, it is true, out of hatred of God. Its origin must be attributed to men who, under the influence of the philosophy of Hegel, forgot their American traditions and found an ideal in post-Napoleonic Prussia. Yet had these Americans deliberately planned an educational system to please the atheist, they could not have succeeded better. After more than a century, during which the majority of our children have been subjected to schools without God, the American people, once a Christian people, can no longer be considered a Christian people.

That a revulsion against this system has set in, is clear from the fact that, in every State in the Union, thoughtful men are trying to devise ways and means of giving the public-school pupil at least the rudiments of an education in religion and in morality. Fortunately, in the Catholic school the Catholic parent has a release from this systematized, publicly-supported paganism. Should he fail to use it, God will hold him responsible should his children be infected by the atheism of the secular school.

In what school are your children?

WILLKIE ACCEPTS

IN ELWOOD, the small Indiana town in which he was born and schooled, Wendell Willkie formally accepted the nomination by the Republican party for President of the United States. The sweeping enthusiasm that so surprisingly lifted him to the peak in Philadelphia was turned into the traditional enthusiasm for any candidate on the traditional day of an acceptance speech. But the speech itself gives the measure of a candidate. It is the "candidate's keynote, a declaration of his broad principles."

As his campaign develops and his declarations multiply, Mr. Willkie's position on domestic and foreign problems will be clarified. In his keynote address, he states: "I give you an outline of the political philosophy that is in my heart." The measure of comparison with the rival candidates, then, at this date, can be made only on the basis of a political philosophy.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Willkie differs from Mr. Roosevelt on matters of policy, on administration, on programs. It is not clear that Mr. Willkie is opposed to Mr. Roosevelt on fundamental principles, on directions and aims, in his philosophy and his patterns of thought.

Both candidates are typical of the American liberal school of thought. Both may possibly have absorbed, in their maturer lives, the theories of the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, when these weeklies were ably edited. Much of their development appears to be along similar intellectual lines, and both would seem to have accepted very much the same theories and the same ideals. We are happy to note that they stand for the same principles of toleration and humanitarianism, the same goal of definite material betterment and spiritual aspirations, and the same brand of democracy.

Mr. Willkie, in his acceptance speech, used emphatic and direct language against Mr. Roosevelt and his policies. He would change many things, were he the President; he would avoid many mistakes, if he were the Executive; he would make new declarations, if he were the Leader. Phrased differently, the underlying thought of Mr. Willkie might well be the thought in the mind of Mr. Roosevelt.

That the principles of the two candidates stem from the same sources does not reduce the present campaign to the dead level of a simple choice between two men of the same stripe. They are individualists and they are striking personalities, they are agile and alert in seizing opportunities of action. Though they seek the same destinations they travel different routes, and the road of one may be the more secure while the way of the other may be deadly dangerous. The choice of the voter must, then, be predicated on the trust that may be placed in one rather than in the other, on the soundness of judgment and the quality of character.

Some weeks back, we declared that the chief issue in this Presidential campaign was that of a third term for any President of the United States. We reiterate, with intenser meaning, this state-

ment, now that Mr. Willkie has delivered his keynote address. We do not adopt either candidate in a partisan manner, on the basis of the political philosophy expressed or on the analysis of his personality. But we do contend now, as we contended more than a year ago, that American democracy is endangered through the perpetuation of any man, of whatever stature and in any crisis, in the office of the President.

CANDIDATES AND CATHOLICISM

THE religious issue, happily, has not entered into the Presidential electioneering. It is our fervent hope that both candidates, being of a tolerant and liberal mind, may rule out the question which sullied the campaign of 1928.

It is of importance, however, as it is of interest, to inquire into the Catholic attachments of the candidates. President Roosevelt has expressed a certain pride in the fact that, among his ancestors, is included Mother Elizabeth Seton, who, it is piously hoped, may one day be recognized as an American saint. Wendell Willkie can boast of a nearer link with the Church.

On the authority of Bishop Noll, writing in *Our Sunday Visitor*, Herman, the father of Mr. Willkie, was a Catholic, baptized as a child. He was educated, Mr. Willkie himself stated in his acceptance speech, at the Fort Wayne Methodist College. He was married before a Methodist clergyman and did not educate his children as Catholics. Shortly before his death, Herman Willkie received the last rites of the Church. One uncle, Francis X. Willkie, survives and is reputed to be an exemplary Catholic. Two first cousins, the daughters of an aunt, are nuns, one stationed at Fond du Lac, Wis., and the other at Joliet, Ill.

Wendell Willkie, himself, has never been a Catholic. Yet he has always manifested an open mind toward Catholics and matters Catholic. He was a most vigorous denouncer of the Ku Klux Klan in Ohio, and a supporter of Al Smith when the Governor was being martyred for his Faith. But it may not be asserted that Mr. Willkie has been touched by Catholic influences in his thinking. No condemnation is implied, but much commendation may be hoped for if Mr. Willkie, in studying the problems of the nation, might make himself familiar with Catholic teaching on the social, economic and intra-national problems of our shifting values.

It may be recalled that, in 1932, President Roosevelt became an earnest student of the Encyclicals and took counsel with Catholic specialists in these departments. Many principles advocated by the Encyclicals became integrated in the early New Deal planning. At that time, too, Mr. Roosevelt associated with himself several notable Catholics. Thus far, it has been noted, there is scarcely a well known Catholic in public life who has been accepted into the Willkie political family. But the campaign is still in its earliest stages. And it is not unlikely that Mr. Willkie may also avail himself of Catholic wisdom.

THE LAST TRUTH

IN the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Luke, xiv, 1-11) we are told of a Sabbath-day in the life of Our Lord. He began by going to the house of a chief among the Pharisees "to eat bread," and a number of this chief's followers hung about to watch Him. They did not wish to look upon Jesus with love and adoration, but to catch Him in some violation of the Law, which could serve them as a text for denouncing Him to the people.

Others too gathered to see Our Lord, and among them was a man afflicted with dropsy. Probably he asked Our Lord to cure Him, for Jesus, turning to the Pharisees, inquired if this work of mercy would be lawful on the Sabbath. But "they held their peace." If they answered yes, it might be said that they had approved a violation of the Law; if no, that they were without heart. In the midst of their silent predicament, Jesus healed the sick man, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

Our Lord's subsequent discourse, which has two parts, was spoken for the enlightenment of the Pharisees, and also for our instruction. Even under the exaggerated interpretation of the Law by the Pharisees, He pointed out, it was proper on the Sabbath to draw out an ass or an ox that had fallen into a pit. Hence the Pharisees could hardly criticize Him, if on the Sabbath He showed mercy to a human being. Then Jesus began to discourse upon humility, one of the rarest, yet most necessary, of Christian virtues.

Humility is rare, because the last truth we ever learn is the truth about ourselves, and about our relations to Almighty God. It is one of the most necessary, because without humility we live in a fool's paradise, and feed our souls on windy sustenance. We cannot get at the truth by listening to our friends, because they know us as they would like us to be, and not as we are. The estimate of our enemies is probably more accurate, but since they are influenced by passion, a certain discount is necessary, but how much we do not know. Hence we are apt to apply a discount of one hundred per cent, and to go through life thinking pretty well of ourselves. We magnify our virtues, and minimize our faults. The ancient philosopher said that the goal of every seeker after truth ought to be "know thyself." It is a goal that is not often reached, because it is not often aimed at. It is far more comfortable to nurture a good opinion of ourselves.

When we compare ourselves with an all-holy God, we ought to be able to see how bad we are. If we preen ourselves upon our physical strength or our wonderful intellect, a moment's use of that intellect will tell us that neither is really our own, but both a gift from God. A little girl may strut in elation because of a pretty dress her mother has given her, but children of an older growth should have more sense. We ought to realize that if our friends knew us as God knows us, we should be willing to take the last place always. An excellent way of acquiring humility is to reflect upon our sinfulness. As for our virtues, if we have any, God will remember them.

CORRESPONDENCE

DISGRACE TO NATION

EDITOR: Your editorial, under the caption *Clean Up the Unions* (AMERICA, August 17), is highly enlightening, and I sincerely trust that it will have the desired effect.

As one having the dubious honor of being a member (through necessity) of a certain union, I am happy that your extensively read review has given the public food for thought, and I only hope that our District Attorney will take immediate action.

Our unions of today are saturated with dishonesty and crookedness and are a thorough disgrace to the nation. In no other country on this earth would such colossal swindling of members' hard-earned money be tolerated.

At the present moment a former president (bless the mark!) is on trial in New York City, but he should have plenty of company also standing trial for common robbery.

In conclusion may I ask when, if ever, will the authorities use the brains with which, I presume, Almighty God endowed them? Little wonder that the world is in its present deplorable condition! The cause of our present ills is entirely due to the utter disregard of God's commandments.

New York, N. Y.

H. J. C.

PROVOCATIVE

EDITOR: AMERICA is running true to the finest type of work. Notwithstanding its academic value it is keeping breast-high with some of the tough realistic problems of the day. I think Gene Tunney's article on the American Youth Congress (July 27) ought to arouse a lot of people; and also the editorial policies generally certainly provoke wholesome thought, even if they stimulate cranky opposition.

Los Angeles, Calif.

JOSEPH SCOTT

ARTISTIC SOULS

EDITOR: Loretta Reilly in your Correspondence column (August 17) would end the pro and con on *God's Beautiful Lightning* by stating that "objecting to lightning because it kills is a narrow, prejudiced view."

Since I just finished a book entitled *Quo Vadis*, the debate becomes even more interesting.

It seems, according to the above book, a certain ruler in the days of the Catacombs was also a lover of all beauty. He bowed low before the goddess of Beauty, and he certainly would have sneered at any meek Christian who might have objected to something beautiful because it had the reputation of killing. I just know he, too, admired heavenly salvos as he loved music, poetry (his own) and art.

But who knows? History may repeat itself again in modern Rome.

With more moderns daily joining the throngs who sneer at weaklings who fail to see real beauty if it is a killer, I would not be surprised any day now to read or hear of someone crying out by pen or type for another huge, glorious and spectacular conflagration in order that he or she with the artistic soul may enjoy the breath-taking beauty thereof as they fiddle, bathe or type while enjoying the beauty of modern Rome in flames.

Denver, Col.

IRENE LEONARD

LIGHTNING

EDITOR: In one respect, but only one, I bear a striking resemblance to Saint Theresa, of Avila. That valiant lady, one of the greatest women who ever lived, feared neither the devil nor any man, but lightning scared her 'most to death. This was also the case with my friend, the late Mother Agatha, of the Visitation Convent at Georgetown, Ky., and with another dear and lamented friend, the Rev. William Padberg, S.J., who at the time of his death was, I think, professor of philosophy in the Seminary of Saint Mary of the Lake at Mundelein, Ill.

If on a sultry summer afternoon a cloud no bigger than a man's hand rose above the horizon, these pious and eminently level-headed Religious made at once for the cellar. Perhaps some reader of AMERICA can give us the names of other holy persons (excluding my own, of course, which is already registered) who feared lightning too completely to have any room in their great souls for admiration of its alleged beauty.

Louisville, Ky.

ASHBY TURNER

NEW-TYPE RETREAT

EDITOR: Sometimes your English is distressing. On reading your Correspondence column (AMERICA, July 20) I see that there is now something new in retreats: *New Type Retreat*. Is this a new retreat for type; or do you mean that it is a new kind retreat, a new sort retreat, a new species retreat, or something that style or character? Why not leave such innovations to the newspapers?

New York, N. Y.

O'BRIEN ATKINSON

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of the writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them. Just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, and merely tolerates lengthy epistles.)

LITERATURE AND ARTS

WHEN PLATO BANISHED THE POETS

NATHALIA CRANE

PROLOGUE

Plato, pondering his showettes,
Built a city in his mind;
Dreamed he banished all the poets,
All the crippled, all the blind.
As the rainbow quits the bubble,
As a blossom's weird may dree—
From that genius born of trouble,
Rose the Realm of Poesy.

Part 1

WHEN an Athenian immortal, suspected of being half a headache, makes a venomous attack upon poetry, his position in respect to antiquity ought not to save him from the censure of an unfettered fealty to the Muse.

Plato, the philosopher, in his dialogized novel called *The Republic*, makes an historic attack upon the art. After doing full justice, by weight and volume, to his conception of justice, he gives us his rules for building the perfect republic, the flawless city. Simplifying and dividing his human models into classes, in order to make friction a myth, he leaves them in the hands of the so-called pure in heart, a clique designated as Guardians.

In the simplification by Plato, poetry must be banished: "For that poetry should be able to damage the great majority even of good men, is, I conceive, a crime of the deepest dye."

Poetry is imitative, imitative of God and of nature, declares Plato. In the law, even a philosopher must come into court with clean hands. Observe how Plato comes into court. The Crier, capsizing modern custom, announces: "Here comes a writer. His novel is called *The Republic*, the work of Plato."

The court inquires: "Who is this man who, in the opening line of this papyrus, says: 'I went down yesterday to the Piraeus?'"

"A man named Socrates," explains the learned Greek attorney for Plato.

The Court: I thought you said that Plato wrote this book.

Attorney: Your Honor, he did write the book, but through delicacy, he uses the personality of one he believes to have been greater than himself, in order to make clear certain of his own views.

The Court: Is this work an imitation of the usual speech of one Socrates, or of the defendant Plato?

Attorney: It is Plato's speech, heard above the tread of the reed.

The Court: By the use of the name of Socrates, he is guilty of a deception. Presuming that a shepherd could read, he would be tricked into believing that Socrates, long dead, had escaped the hemlock, and was writing stories from a cavern in the Thracian hills. Imitating other people's names, other people's talk, or even stamping the word "Imitation" on an original work, smacks of the malefactor. This court finds him guilty and subject to a heavy fine, to be published tomorrow. (*The Court*, with a flourish, adjourns.)

Plato hurls the slur of copyists at the poets. He ridicules Homer in such a dispassionate way that some scholars often insist it is praise. He asks if the rider of a horse knows more about a bridle than a poet who sticks the headgear into a verse. For his purposes, he would have said that a poet knew nothing of war, seamanship, unvisited lands. It is evident that he did not believe the true poet is a warrior, a shepherd, a seaman and a wise wanderer in all countries of the world.

This Greek would have banished poetry because it made men think, more than philosophy has ever made them think. Poetry is for the millions, philosophy for the few. David, a great warrior, wrote the twenty-third Psalm; Shakespeare traveled all over the earth in his mind; Masfield was a sailor; and the mightiest battle scene ever written was the work of Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Others have said that true poetry is divine, but not Plato. He accuses the poets of using words as colors, while understanding nothing of art. But the poets never called Plato a bigot.

Part 2

SCENE: A home in Athens on a summer evening. Time 360 B.C. Plato is seated at a writing stand in his sanctum, scrutinizing a tablet in the twilight.

(Enter Dion, a slave, accompanied by Futuritus.)

Dion: Master, a man from the Magistrate demands an audience.

Futuritus: A surprise visit, Plato. (Sinks into a chair after thrusting it against the wall.)

Plato: A philosopher is never surprised.

Futuritus: I shall remember your statement. Re-

membrance is the business of a seer, just as much as playing peek-a-boo with tomorrow. Friend, I am a seer, an Egyptian, employed by the city's fathers. The amount of your fine is still in the air. We are both too old to lose time. My first question: What is the difference between a seer and a philosopher?

Plato: It is pleasant to talk in this way and not have your thoughts mutilated by an attorney. A seer is a prophet. A seer divines the activities of the future. Some seers see the activities of time but an hour away. Others go on into next summer. A philosopher deals with facts and events. He is at his best when he begins to solve destiny and rubs into Athens a few certainties.

Futuritus: Well answered, Plato. I'm thinking that your fine may prove to be too heavy. But the court seethes over some of the things you said about poetry. You attacked all poets, at the same time protecting yourself by qualifying phrases. The magistrate alluded to these phrases as "a coward's claptrap." The poets are villainous or they are not villainous. The court claims that the gods are well pleased with Homer, and the court wants to know how you dare to affront the Olympian list, to say nothing of Athens, a city at the feet of the bards.

Plato: My exceptions were taken to those sets of verse given to celebrating sorrow, various vices, foolish joys, trifling narratives of unimportant escapades, songs about peasants, songs about base animals, songs about nothing.

Futuritus: As a seer I am going to forecast for you certain poems that will be written two thousand years, more or less, from this very day. According to your comments, so will be your fine. The magistrate has stipulated. You are under test. In two thousand years, more or less, a poet will write for one tribe of shivering porridge eaters a particularly low song about friendship and drinking. This song will be sung in all parts of the world. A city will be attacked. A band of these same porridge eaters will march to the rescue. They will draw near to the besieged and, as they approach, the enemies of that city vanish, for the relieving columns are chanting the poem. The name of the city, Lucknow. The first verse of the poem, merely a collection of words:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot—

Plato: Above all things, I desire to hear the rest of the poem.

Futuritus: (Recites the entire poem.)

Plato: You say the porridge-eating soldiers sang it?

Futuritus: Aye, and they played it, their musicians, on bags of goatskin, and the bags shouted the poem, and the enemy fled.

Plato: It is grand. I have taken down the words and it is to be recited by my class each morning.

Futuritus: But again I stare into the future. In a place given over to the dead, a man, two thousand years hence, writes another poem. Here are four lines, or verses, as you may please to designate the divisions:

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

Plato: I faint from the loveliness of the poem. Read on, O, seer.

Futuritus: Faint you will, if I read but half, and your death will be for me to explain. How could I explain that I killed you with poetry still unwritten? But you love it?

Plato: The verses are divine. They are the drippings of the nectar, a flow from Parnassus.

Futuritus: You have said it, Plato! You are white from joy.

Plato: Yes, yes, and green from jealousy that I am not that poet of the future. I am only poor Plato. O, seer, I bend the knee. Perchance, in some happier return I may be a poet.

Futuritus: Plato, a fine should never have been set against you. You are altogether too bright a man to have been so misunderstood.

(Dion enters with a tray)

Plato: Dion, run for the priceless wine from Phargia—all five flagons.

(Dion exits)

Futuritus: There will be a man by the name of Byron. In two thousand years, more or less, he will sing our Greece:

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.

(Plato sways to the verses)

(Dion runs in with flagons and fruits. Between cups, recitations of poetry of the future proceed. Often Plato is half strangled by his enthusiasm.)

Futuritus: This is to be called, *The Lost Leader*, and some of the gentlemen of Athens might not like it:

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat.

Plato: Tell me, I beseech you, what will his name be, the poet to write *The Lost Leader*? Mayhap, it may be Plato, the poor philosopher returned? O, say the name!

Futuritus: His name—Robert Browning, as far as the future is concerned—but of the past I dare not speak.

Plato: Your voice is tinged with hope.

Futuritus: Let us drink to the verses. (They drink.)

Futuritus: (Singing the lines)

Mid pleasures and palaces, tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

(The slaves gather at the doorways and follow in the chorus. Friends of Plato, fearful for his fate, crowd in, and join in the singing.)

Futuritus: Plato is relieved of his fine. He is to be given the laurel by Athens, not as a philosopher but as a poet. Your seer, held on the state rolls at great expense, tells you that someone, sometime will write:

To err is human, to forgive divine.

We of the State of Athens make sacrifice. We have a new poet, and of such consequence that the world must fight for ages over the dividing line between Poetry and Philosophy.

Plato: (leaping like a faun from friend to friend)
Let us drink to Futuritus, let us drink to poetry!

PENITENTIAL AVOWAL

Remembering this frame to be
But animated clay,
I shall go out to a Cypress tree
And ponder death today.

Remembering that I am food
For maggots and the worm,
I'll let no laughing thought intrude:
In this I shall be firm.

Against the rose I'll gird my heart
And hooded I shall go,
Lest reflected beauty start
Me thinking what I know.

CHRYSOSTOM FRANKLIN SEERY

THE SLAVE PHILOSOPHY

Not only now is mercy scorned
As worthy of a slave!
"Others He saved," they jeered at Him—
"Himself He could not save!"

But still is He the leper kissed,
The beggar with the bowl;
And still it is himself he saves
Who seeks his brother's soul.

THEODORE MAYNARD

A PRAYER BEFORE ACTION

Lord, when You called me for Your last crusade,
I felt afraid,
Not of my foe, but my unworthiness.
Was there no other champion, Lord,
But this poor pander with a rusty sword?
Proud to be chosen, but in sore distress
(Knowing my sins), Captain, I answered: "Yes!
Here am I. Take me, use me!" All in vain.
I tramp the blackened streets again, again,
Wrapped in the baffling blackout of the brain.

Sure of my purpose, of unbroken will,
Those blackening thoughts enwrap me still.
Captain Christ Jesus, strip me of my shame!
Make me a fit champion of Thy Name!
Ay, though You burn me in penal fires,
Ay, though You kill,
Cleanse me of my unclean desires!

This is my hour.
Here stand I in a tower set on a hill;
Alone, in freedom's last fortress, facing above, below
The multitudinous foe;
With not one bugle blown, and no
Lamp but a searchlight to discern the foe.
Chill in the sunshine, I never feel the thrill
I felt in some cheap quarrel long ago.

Here's the one thought that holds me, not content,
But stubborn, resolute:

"I am the last of a lost continent.
If I go down as France and Belgium went,
Down slithers all we hope for to the brute."
So, with my sins forgiven yet unhealed,
At darkest of the night I raise my shield.

W. R. TITTERTON

MERCY AFTER DROUGHT

So long the hills had thirsted for the rain,
Backs bowed beneath the burden of the wind,
Hoarding their little shadows from the sun
Among bleached grasses, broken, winter-thinned!

And yet no silver-armored hero came
Riding his sable steed across the sky,
With torn white scud—his lifted oriflamme,
Brandishing lightning, thundering defy:

But gray-veiled rain stole up on wings of night,
Except for sudden freshness down the air,
Unheralded and silent in her flight:
A whispering of leaves and she was there.

DOROTHY MARIE DAVIS

TEMPTATION

Sun-and-shadow-dappled laugh the fields
Across the road. What lure to one who passes!
My spirit sheds fair discipline and yields
To frolic through the green and golden grasses.

Black-cloaked, veiled and gloved, companioned, I
(As a good nun should) walk sedately by.

SISTER M. FRANCIS GABRIEL

THE ZEST

Give me a few good healthy hates
To coddle in my breast—
Dissatisfaction, and the ache
Of longing and unrest.
Contentment is a blinking cat
That suns and purrs. The zest
Of living is in fire and urge
To do and sometimes fail.
One cannot know life's flame when one
Sits in the dreaming vale.
A few good hates will do; and love
To balance up the scale.

HELEN MARING

BOOKS

LEGAL ASPECT OF OIL-PROPERTY CONFISCATION

EXPROPRIATION IN MEXICO. By Roscoe B. Gaither. William Morrow and Co. \$2

A BOOK for lawyers, this study from a legal angle of the expropriation of oil properties in Mexico deals largely with Mexican law, litigation and precedents. The layman may find the book heavy reading, but to the student or statesman who wants to know exactly what happened, it provides authentic information.

The author sets forth in order what laws were violated, what injustices were suffered by the oil companies, what violations of legal procedure took place in the actual seizures. Since it is beside his purpose, he gives little of the political background of present-day Mexico.

It is a pity that so few of our own citizens know that Mexico's Government is controlled by a politico-military faction; that elections are a farce; that the laws are dictated from above to a puppet legislature; that the Supreme Court must in its decisions approve of all that is done by President Cárdenas. In 1938, acting according to plan, this man seized practically all the properties of the oil companies. Before this, to stir up a national grievance, he forced the workers to make outrageous demands upon the companies, demands unparalleled, perhaps, in the history of labor. With a lawyer's thoroughness, the author shows how Cárdenas violated every item of article 27 of the Mexican Constitution, which provides that expropriation, when duly justified, can be made only "by means of indemnity."

Needless to say, the oil companies fought back with every possible legal weapon, until they were finally worsted by a decision of some 52,000 words handed down by the Supreme Court of Mexico. Now, two years have passed and no indemnity has been provided for by the Government. Secretary Hull did send a note, but the United States remains indifferent, while the radicals applaud Cárdenas. Meanwhile, Mexico continues to go the way of Russia. The author does not state it, but there are rumors rife that Washington intends in due time to send a military expedition into Mexico.

GEORGE T. EBERLE

ENGLAND DISCOUNTED CHURCHILL'S CRY OF "WOLF"

WHY ENGLAND SLEPT. By John F. Kennedy. Wilfred Funk. \$2

ENGLAND'S armament policy from 1931 to the present is made the subject of a timely and factual study by the son of our Ambassador to Great Britain. The author rightly contends that England, both leaders and people, was asleep on the important question of national defense, and seeks the reasons for her failure to arm. The reasons, he states, are complex, so much so that it is puerile to blame the leaders exclusively. Mr. Kennedy is as brave as he is dispassionate when he thus shifts part of the burden from Chamberlain's shoulders, and this reviewer is convinced by the author's thesis that Britain is where she is today because the leaders were unable to make her people war-minded.

Until 1936, as he points out, public opinion was pacific and trustful of the League and Disarmament Conferences. Hence no party dared ask a mandate to re-arm, especially when the City insisted on economy and Labor



Locke Hall, a residence for older boys

The Newman School

LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY

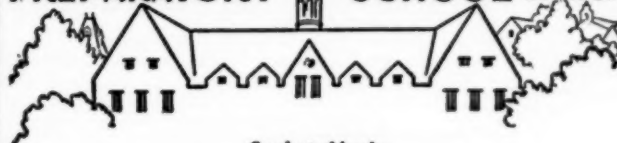
— : —
FORTY-FIRST YEAR

Modern buildings, equipment and complete athletic facilities — faculty composed of Catholic laymen with resident chaplain — seven years course—upper and lower school —prepares for leading colleges and universities.

— : —
One hundred seventy acre campus situated in the healthful pine belt of New Jersey.
— : —

For further information apply to THE REGISTRAR

SAINT JOHN'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL • EST. 1907 •



Conducted by the
BROTHERS OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER
ACCREDITED TO SATISFY COLLEGE ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS
SUPERVISED STUDY — SPORTS FOR ALL
For catalogue and information, write Headmaster, Box 247

+ DANVERS • MASSACHUSETTS +

LEONARD HALL

SCHOOL A Catholic Elementary
Country Boarding School
FOR BOYS
Small Classes - Individual Instruction
Forty-Acre Campus - All Sports - Horses
Tuition \$400.00

XAVIERIAN BROTHERS
LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND
Also CAMP CALVERT

A Summer Paradise for Boys on Breton
Bay, one mile from the school. Address
Brother Rogatus, C.F.X., A.M.,
Director, Box A,
LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND

FOR BOYS ALL HALLOWS FOR BOYS

164th St. and Walton Ave., Bronx, New York, N. Y.

Private Prep Day School

Conducted by Christian Brothers of Ireland

Primary, Grammar and High School Departments

Chartered by the University of the State of New York

Bus Service

Modern Cafeteria

Write for Catalogue

JErome 7-1930

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

Entrance by Certificate or by Examination
A.B. and B.S. COURSES

- A CONSERVATIVE college which retains the best of the classical traditions.
- A PROGRESSIVE college which meets the highest modern educational requirements.
- A COMPLETE college which glories in molding character in her students.
- A FEARLESS college which teaches the fundamental truth pertaining to eternal as well as temporal life.

Bulletins of information on admission
will be mailed upon application to the
Dean of Freshmen, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE

WHITE PLAINS, Westchester County, NEW YORK
Conducted by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion

FULLY ACCREDITED Standard Courses in Arts and
Science, pre-medical, journalism, teacher training,
secretarial studies, library science, fine arts.

Unusually beautiful location. Extensive campus. Forty minutes from New York.

Mount Saint Agnes Junior College and School for Girls

MOUNT WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE, MD.

Resident and Day Students

Accredited by Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.
Member of American Association of Junior Colleges and Private School
Association of Baltimore

Junior College—Courses: Liberal Arts—Pre-Professional—Secretarial
—General and Medical—Music
High School—Four-year course

Junior and Lower School—Grades I to VIII
Terms moderate. Catalogue on request.

Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy of the Union

LOYOLA SCHOOL

Park Avenue at 83rd Street
New York City

Select Day School for Boys

UNDER JESUIT DIRECTION

For Information Apply to the Headmaster

Five Upper Years of
Grammar School
Four Years of High
School

Approved by the Regents
of the University of the
State of New York and by
the Association of Colleges
and Secondary Schools of
the Middle States and
Maryland.

BOHAN-DUNN, INC.

Men's Clothing

SUITS - TOPCOATS - OVERCOATS

\$19.75 to \$29.75

SPECIAL — TUXEDO SUITS, \$21.75

ALSO CUSTOM MADE CLOTHING

FOR THE CLERGY AND LAITY

170-5th Ave., Corner 22nd St.

(Entire Second Floor - - Open to 6:00)

New York, N. Y.

GR. 5-4736

It will pay you to know Pat and Jim

feared the inroads entailed in mass production. England had no will to prepare, for few believed Churchill when he cried "wolf." In 1936, Germany's air superiority and Italy's serene possession of Ethiopia startled England into activity. The rest of the story is one of desperate effort to overcome Germany's two-year advantage; but it was then too late.

Mr. Kennedy concludes with a warning to the United States to profit by England's mistake. We, too, are a democracy, geared to peace and willing to fight only when the enemy is real and dangerous. We must make up for democracy's relative slowness to prepare by a more diligent realism. This reviewer is of the opinion that Mr. Kennedy's lesson is that we should be alert, and not suspicious or hysterical. If so, the nation needs at the moment more such clear-headedness.

DANIEL E. POWER

AUGUSTINE INFLUENCE ON MEDIEVAL ENGLAND

THE ENGLISH AUSTIN FRIARS IN THE TIME OF WYCLIF. By Aubrey Gwynn, S.J. Oxford University Press. \$5

WHAT is especially remarkable in this work is the clear insight into the part played by the Hermits of Saint Augustine in the intellectual and political life of England of the fourteenth century. After a brief résumé of the rule of Saint Augustine and the history of the English friars, the author devotes an important section to the history of Augustinian theology. The teachings of Giles of Rome, Gregory of Rimini, "the last great constructive thinker of the medieval scholastic tradition," and Thomas of Strasburg are examined and their influence upon the thought of the day is carefully stressed.

Many facts showing the influence of the Italian Austin Friars at the two English universities, and special chapters on John Waldeby of York, Geoffrey Hardeby and John Erghome help to throw new light on the troubled fourteenth century. So important does the author consider William Flete, a Cambridge friar who forsook the lecture platform in England for a life of solitude at Lecceto in Italy, that he devotes a whole section of the work to his dealings with Saint Catherine of Siena, Raymond of Capua, and the Western Schism, which was commencing as his life drew to a close.

The real contribution of this book is the convincing presentation of the evolution of doctrine from Giles of Rome and James of Viterbo to Richard FitzRalph, Thomas Winterton and John Wyclif. According to Giles, ownership is a pure gift of God founded on God's justice, and justice is absent in all those who are not in a state of Sanctifying Grace. Hence sin deprives the sinner of all right to lordship, possession, property, or other natural rights. This curious teaching the author traces through the other Augustinian theologians (and secular theologians as well) until it finally blossoms in the Wyclifite attack on all authority, ecclesiastical and secular.

The manuscripts consulted by the author are listed on three pages. In addition, great care has been taken in the footnotes of the text to point out where the printed documents may be found. The book is an important contribution to critical historical scholarship. Theologians will find in it many new lights on the theological controversies of the later Middle Ages.

HENRY A. CALLAHAN

CLEAR FOR ACTION. By Clements Ripley. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$2.50

The author of *Gold Is Where You Find It* gives us a hardy, rough but wholesome, man's tale about John Paul Jones, the valiant, bristling little Scotsman who captured the British *Drake* and *Serapis*. Though the author proclaims that each character in the story is

either living or dead, there is no pretense at making the narrative anything but a novel. This honest proclamation clears for action and the events told move with a unity and rapidity otherwise impossible. It is more than history, or, maybe less than it, to use the facts and people of the past and give them a new creation, but it is excellent entertainment. The book is devised for easy reading, the style is light and clever and through five untitled sections run the untitled, very brief chapters. The story is told in the first person of an immigrant from Scotland, with good Highland flavor in his speech, who encounters his terrier captain, John Paul Jones. This narrator once studied for the Protestant ministry in Scotland, lost his enthusiasm for it by reading Voltaire, then turned to the sea and the New World. Though these pages may make a reader prouder yet of the American Revolution, he will miss in them the warmth and hope of Religion.

THOMAS B. FEENEY

LOURDES. By Edith Saunders. The Oxford University Press. \$3

IN this somewhat hysterical book, Miss Saunders undertakes to show that Lourdes is "a pious fair, where superstition, fetichism, and a hypocritical commerce flourish side by side, and religion is made to look more discredited than in the anti-religious museums of Moscow." To the author, Bernadette Soubirous, that sweet and gentle child, endowed in an eminent degree with common sense and a saving sense of humor, was a cataleptic, who having persuaded herself that she had seen a vision, later became a liar and an exhibitionist. "The history of Lourdes is a tale of chicane and hypocrisy," and the Catholic Church, knowing that Lourdes has been a fraud from the beginning, deliberately promotes it, partly to bolster up her failing authority, but mainly for financial reasons. It is nothing less than amazing that a reputable publishing house has associated itself with this crudely written, utterly unscientific, and vulgar book.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SANCTUARY. By E. W. Paisley. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2.50

THE inanimate and animate natural beauty that moved Wordsworth, the human beauty of simple rural life that impressed Goldsmith and Masters, the Divine beauty which saints went into the desert to see—these are the three treasures which were discovered or grasped in a new way by the author during her fifteen years of almost hermit life in northern Maine. In ungushing, muscular English, Mrs. Paisley records the experiences and reflections she has had since she gave up a teaching career at the age of fifty to take permanent residence in a log cabin twenty-two miles from a railroad, a mile from a telephone, with neither electricity nor running water. The personal narrative is entertaining, but more vital and artistic are the miniatures of Deer Crossing's homely citizens, which are done with a sympathy and restraint reminiscent of Willa Cather.

One prefers the positive and accurate sub-title, *A Finding of Life*, to the title; for it is hard for the reader to imagine that the Mrs. Paisley who writes this virile book ever felt the need of an escape from cities or from people. *Sanctuary* is an easily-read, a wise, and, because many are thinking today of de-urbanization, a timely book.

CHARLES F. DONOVAN

SO FALLS THE ELM TREE. By John Louis Bonn, S.J. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

THIS is the "novel-biography" of a remarkable woman, Mother Ann Valencia. She founded, then mothered for many years, the St. Francis Hospital of Hartford, Connecticut. Her story speaks of an heroic courage yielding only to the dictates of charity. Combining the visual power of a great builder to a finesse for little things, her quaint "I fix" could mean anything from procuring half a million dollars, to summoning the workmen to replace a baby robin fallen from its nest. Utterly devoted to the sick, she ceaselessly commandeered sisters, nurses and doctors into like service.

EYE EXAMINATIONS



JOHN J. HOGAN, INC.

6 East 34th Street, New York
Opposite B. Altman's 34th St. Entrance
Telephone: CA 5-6774

● Three registered optometrists having years of experience are at your service, to give you examinations and advice.

● GLASSES at reasonable prices.

Louis Merckling & Staff
Optometrists

MOUNT SAINT MARY COLLEGE

FOR WOMEN

COURSES..... Liberal Arts
Mathematics and Science
Home Economics
Secretarial Studies

DEGREES..... Bachelor of Arts
Bachelor of Science
Bachelor of Science in Education
Bachelor of Science in Home Economics
Bachelor of Science in Secretarial Studies
Bachelor of Science in Social Work

INCORPORATED... under the laws of the State of New Hampshire. Empowered in full to grant degrees

AFFILIATED..... with the Catholic University of America
Resident and Non-resident Students

Address the REGISTRAR, MOUNT SAINT MARY COLLEGE
Hooksett, New Hampshire

MARYMOUNT COLLEGE TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON

Conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary. Accredited. Resident and non-resident. Confers B.A., B.S. Degrees Special two-year course. Music, Art, Pedagogy, Journalism, Household Arts, Dramatics, Secretarial, Pre-Medical, Athletics. Extensions: 1627 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City, Paris, France; Rome, Italy. Address Secretary, MARYMOUNT PREPARATORY SCHOOLS: Wilson Park, Tarrytown, N. Y. Also Cor. Fifth Ave. and 84th Street, New York City. Address Reverend Mother.

College of Mount St. Vincent

ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Resident and Day Students

COURSES IN ARTS AND SCIENCES
TEACHER AND SECRETARIAL TRAINING
DEGREES A.B. AND B.S.

EXTENSIVE CAMPUS BORDERING ON HUDSON RIVER
FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS THE REGISTRAR

Academy of Mt. St. Ursula, Bedford Park, New York City

280th Street and Marion Avenue, Bronx
ELEMENTARY AND HIGH SCHOOL
Registered by the University of the State of New York
For particulars address: The Mother Superior

The Missal--\$1.00 Postpaid

Pray the Mass! Use The Missal for Sundays and the principal feasts of the year. Contains prayers for Mass, Confession, Communion, Rosary, Way of the Cross, St. Teresa, etc. 440 pages with attractive black imitation leather cover; 6¼ x 3½ inches in size and only ¾ inch thick; pages of fine bible paper with gold edges; 3 place markers. A practical, useful, beautiful, devotional book. *An ideal gift.* Sent postpaid for \$1.00.

WILDERMANN COMPANY

33 Barclay Street

New York, N. Y.

Academy of Mount St. Vincent

RIVERDALE, NEW YORK

Boarding and Country Day School, Grade 7-12

College Preparatory and General Courses.
Art, Music, Speech, Modern Languages.
Organized Athletics, Swimming, Riding.

THE PINES—

Pre-Primary—Grade 6. All-day Program. Bus Service.

Georgetown Visitation Convent

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fully Accredited
Junior College and High School
for Girls with National Patronage

— 141ST YEAR —

ADDRESS HEAD MISTRESS

College Preparatory and
General Courses, Junior
College, Secretarial and
Medical Secretary
Courses. Boarding and
Day. Sports. Advantage
of Country Life in the
National Capital.

CALDWELL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

A SELECT RESIDENT AND DAY COLLEGE

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic, Caldwell, New Jersey

Aacredited—four year Arts Courses—A.B. and B.S. Degrees—

Cultural Environment—Small Classes—Select Faculty

For Information or Catalog, Address the Dean

CALDWELL COLLEGE, Mount St. Dominic, CALDWELL, NEW JERSEY

Academy of St. Joseph

IN-THE-PINES

BRENTWOOD, LONG ISLAND
NEW YORK

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS

Address: Directress

Elementary and High
School Departments

Affiliated with the
State University

Complete Courses in
Art, Vocal and Instru-
mental Music, Com-
mercial Subjects, Exten-
sive grounds; Athletics;
Horseback Riding, Out-
door Skating Rink.

Villa Augustina

GOFFSTOWN,
New Hampshire

RESIDENT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Conducted by Religious of Jesus and Mary

STANDARD HIGH SCHOOL — TERMS MODERATE

Affiliated with the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

Address to REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR.



Front View, Official League Badge

Official League Badge

An imitation of the Official Badge is being sold by some dealers. As this imitation badge lacks the requirements of the Holy See, the League Indulgences cannot be gained by its use. Be sure to obtain the Official Badge.

CLOTH BADGE, 5 cents each by mail; 17 cents per dozen; \$1.35 per hundred; \$13.00 per thousand.

Enclosed in Celluloid, with metal rim, 8 cents each; 40 cents per dozen; \$3.25 per hundred; \$30.00 per thousand.

Prints Only, 85 cents per hundred; \$8.00 per thousand.

APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER

(Desk A) 515 East Fordham Road

New York, N. Y.

The story runs like a novel. As the author says, "I do not see why the better technique, the more penetrative technique of the novel should not be employed also in biography." Instead of reciting facts he gives a blend of pathos, drama and insight, intimately associating the reader with the inspiring life pages of Mother Valencia.

Here is a very interesting spiritual book with a universal appeal.

HENRY HARGREAVES

SOMEDAY I'LL FIND YOU. By Margaret Widdemer.

Farrar and Rinehart. \$2

THE commencement address at the University of Denver on the day of Eileen Gardner's graduation was delivered by a militant feminist of long experience who, among other things still to be won for complete equality between the sexes, included the right of women to propose marriage instead of waiting for the men to do the proposing. Eileen thought the address silly. Her future seemed secure. She was to marry one of the university professors. But her heart was set on a career as a radio singer and at a party on graduation night she met a man who captured her heart. She learned only his first name, and the story is made up of her search for him and for fame on the radio.

The dream man turns out to be a millionaire who thinks all the girls are after him for his money, and when Eileen finally meets him and in accordance with the commencement advice proposes to him, he reacts in an unexpected manner. There are adventures in plenty and the reader's interest is held till the end. A Catholic episode, the lighting of a candle in honor of Saint Anthony for help, brightens the drab naturalism of the main events.

WILLIAM A. DOWD

THE UNQUIET FIELD. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

THIS is a painstakingly documented and elaborately plotted novel about the Sherrards, ship-owners of Liverpool. The history of the family is surveyed between the years 1720 and 1841. The development of the English Non-conformist conscience toward the slave trade is charted with sympathetic understanding and sincerity. Unhappily, the novel lacks passion, poetry, climactic episodes, in fact, all the qualities which would have given it excellence as a novel. It remains social history derived from secondary sources, sugar-coated with a fictional treatment. The author acknowledges her indebtedness to the works of W. E. H. Lecky and the studies of other historians who have dealt with the slave trade and its repercussions in English life. The bones of Lecky and the rest project too noticeably through the flesh Miss Seymour has woven about them.

J. G. E. HOPKINS

THE ART OF MODERN WARFARE. By Herman Foertsch. Translated by Theodore W. Knauth. Veritas Press, Inc. \$2.75

THIS is a translation of *Kriegskunst heute und morgen* (The Art of War Today and Tomorrow) and was written by an officer of the German General Staff. It is claimed to be an exposition of the art of modern warfare according to German thought. The book is divided into three parts, the first of which is an explanation of war fundamentals and definitions; Part II discusses wars of the past; and Part III portrays modern warfare as it appears to the author.

Some of us have seen German modern warfare in action and practically all of us have read something about dive-bombers and tanks, so that we are hardly surprised when we read: "Life is a struggle. The end of the battle is selection. The strong must conquer, survive and reproduce; the weak submit, perish and disappear." This is nothing more than the old law of the jungle.

For the most part, there is nothing in Part III that any well informed American army officer does not already know. As a matter of fact, the Basic Field Manuals issued by the War Department as well as other military publications, are replete with such matter. Any experienced army officer will yawn over Colonel Foertsch's contribution to military science.

W. H. DODD

MUSIC

BEFORE embarking on a tour of the Latin and South Americas, Leopold Stokowski conducted his new All-American Youth Orchestra in concerts at Atlantic City and New York. Eager and amazed ears heard what the youth of this country can accomplish under proper leadership. These young people, of whom one is only fourteen—twenty are girls—along with a sprinkling of first desk men from the Philadelphia Orchestra, played with a freshness and vigor and, above all, a fervor the like of which is often lacking in many of our older, more established orchestras.

The orchestra was scheduled to give two concerts at New York's summer home of athletics and esthetics, the Lewisohn Stadium of City College. Fortunately, on the second night it rained. I say fortunately because the group was thereby forced to play indoors. Although the hall apparently was not designed by acoustically conscious engineers, nevertheless it removed the tonal edge of which some critics had complained in the previous night's open-air performance. Here, though the attacks on the strings were not always in unison—an understandable and easily corrected fault in any new symphonic organization—the tonal bewitchment of which the orchestra is capable became evident.

Dr. Stokowski's new seating arrangement was employed, with the strings in the rear of the platform, the winds, brasses and percussion brought forward. However, his new portable reflecting shell, a *sine-qua-non* for the full effectiveness of his new devices, was not used, although it will be employed religiously on the trip. Of all the music on the program, perhaps his own transcription of Debussy's *Evening in Granada* served best of all as an excellent vehicle to display the group's potentialities for tone, shading and precision.

Some years ago Leon Barzin started the National Orchestral Association to enable young people to gain the necessary experience to place them in larger organizations. However, Dr. Stokowski's new venture is an end in itself, and as such excites our admiration.

This company was shaped in the incredibly short time of two weeks of intensive rehearsing. It emerged with a polish and response standing comparison with the best symphonic groups. Naturally, these young men and women had had ensemble experience previously, but their new fire is undoubtedly due to their leader.

Besides being a valuable addition to the musical life of the United States, what is more important, this organization offers a definite challenge to what must be rich musical sources here. Ten thousand people representing every State were auditioned. From the final five hundred Leopold Stokowski personally selected the orchestra. One cannot help but wonder at the wealth of talent that must still remain among those not chosen. Also, if there are so many young instrumentalists of such caliber in this country, is it too much to suspect a corresponding number of fresh, young voices? It remains for a leader with the courage and foresight of Dr. Stokowski to organize these into one or several opera troupes.

The new summer Academy of Sergei Koussevitski at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, should prove a helpful ally. Already he has promised us five ranking conductors within as many years, while his commentaries on the singers and players attending this season have been extremely enthusiastic.

There is, however, one unfortunate aspect to the present situation. In the fall after only four concerts in the States, the Youth Orchestra is scheduled to disband for the winter. No reasons for such an unexpected move have been given, but it is sincerely hoped it may not prove demoralizing, occurring, as it does, so soon after the flux of the initial fusion.

JOHN P. COVENEY

SIENA HEIGHTS

COLLEGE

ADRIAN, MICHIGAN

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Fully Accredited Conducted by Sisters of St. Dominic
Bachelor Degrees in Arts, Science, Philosophy, Music,
Commercial Education; State Teachers' Certificates;
Home Economics, Dramatics, Pre-Legal and Pre-Medical
Courses; Two-Year Terminal Course in Secretarial Work.
Exceptional Opportunities in Art.

Beautiful Buildings Interesting Campus Life
For Further Information Address the Dean

ON ADJACENT CAMPUS

St. Joseph Academy offers exceptional advantages
for girls in high school and the grades.

CANTERBURY SCHOOL

A Leading New England Preparatory School
Conducted by Catholic Laymen

The Most Reverend Bishop of Hartford, Patron—
Six Years' Course. College Board Examinations.
Complete Modern Equipment. Twenty-sixth year.
Eighty miles from New York.

Address: Nelson Hume, Ph.D., Headmaster

NEW MILFORD - CONNECTICUT

COLLEGE OF CHESTNUT HILL

Chestnut Hill,
Pennsylvania

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph

Offers exceptional advantages under a faculty of recognized scholarship. Students
prepared for graduate, medical, and law schools, for high school teaching, and
secretarial service. Unusual opportunities in Music, Home Economics, and Speech.
Gymnasium, swimming pool, and extensive fields for out-door sports.

College of New Rochelle

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

Conducted by the Ursuline Nuns

Offering A.B. and B.S. degrees

Accredited by the Association of American Universities

WESTCHESTER COUNTY

Sixteen miles from Grand Central Station, New York

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

FORDHAM ROAD

Adjoining Bronx Park
and

Woolworth Building
New York City

1841-1941

Conducted by the Jesuits

Fordham College	- - - - -	Fordham Road
Graduate School	- - - - -	Fordham Road
College of Pharmacy	- - - - -	Fordham Road
Summer School	- - - - -	Fordham Road
School of Education	- - - - -	Woolworth Building and Fordham Road
School of Law	- - - - -	Woolworth Building
Downtown College	- - - - -	Woolworth Building
School of Social Service	- - - - -	Woolworth Building
School of Business	- - - - -	Woolworth Building
Fordham Preparatory School	- - - - -	Fordham Road

Two New Residence Halls—Bishops' Hall and
St. Robert's Hall—Ready September, 1940

WRITE FOR BULLETINS

SPECIFY DEPARTMENT

NOW YOU CAN LEARN TO SPEAK A FOREIGN LANGUAGE "almost OVER NIGHT"!

The Natural Way You Learn By Ear
BY THE

Language Phone Method

you learn a new tongue as easily as you learn a new tune, BY EAR. And the instructor never gets tired. He will repeat any part of the lesson, over and over, until you have mastered every word, every voice inflection. Thus, you learn to speak *perfectly*, with the accent of a true, cultured native. The method is far superior to the ordinary class and private tutor-instruction and has been endorsed by teachers of languages in the leading universities and schools in the country. The results seem like magic. 15 minutes a day works wonders.

LITERARY MASTERPIECES

Read the masterpieces of French, Spanish and Italian literature in the language in which they were conceived and written. The full flavor of foreign letters cannot be translated. Enjoy French novels before their characteristic sparkle—their native essence—has evaporated in translation. The original Spanish of "Mare Nostrum" and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is far more vivid than the English version. Then consider the greater enjoyment assured by an understanding of the language in which an opera is sung—be it Spanish, French, German or Italian.

ENDORSED BY *teachers of language in such famous Universities as:* Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Princeton, St. Francis Xavier, St. Joseph's Seminary, Stevens Institute of Technology, Yale.

Even with this recognition, however, you cannot fully realize how amazingly simple it is to master a foreign language until you learn something about this fascinating method. To *see* and to *hear* is to *believe*.

USE THE COUPON

Descriptive
Booklet
illustrated
from Life
giving detail
of entire
course



Miniature
Sample
Record
First
Lesson in
the lan-
guage of
your choice

SEND FOR THESE TO-DAY

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., Dept. 47
354-360 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Send me, without obligation, the sample record of the first lesson in the language checked, together with the book "Learn to Speak French, Spanish, German, Italian—The Language Phone Way," giving full particulars of the course. I enclose 25 cents in stamps to cover packing and postage.

(NO AGENTS WILL CALL)

Check
language
interested in

- ☐ Italian
☐ German
☐ Spanish
☐ French

Name
Street
City State

THEATRE

AMHERST'S DRAMA FESTIVAL. The out-of-town summer theatrical season is at its height, and I would be willing to wager that more stars than ever before are shining in the leading summer theatres. One of the best of these is in Amherst, Massachusetts, ten miles from my summer home. For that and many other good reasons the Amherst Drama Festival, put on by Harold J. Kennedy at the Kirby Memorial Theatre, has been enthusiastically patronized by me. For here is what Mr. Kennedy has offered his patrons.

For the week of June 24, the Adlers in *No Time For Comedy*; for that of July 1, Edward Everett Horton in *Springtime For Henry*; from then on, Tallulah Bankhead in Pinero's *Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, Jane Cowl in Shaw's *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, Ina Claire in Behrman's *Biography*, Fred Stone in O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness*, Kitty Carlisle in Noel Coward's *Tonight At 8:30*, and Ruth Chatterton in Coward's *Private Lives*.

Each play ran a week and in every case, I think, the star had brought only a leading man or a leading woman. The remaining rôles were acted by the clever amateurs associated with the Drama Festival.

What interested me most was the unusually good work of these amateurs. I had already seen on the opening nights in New York most of the stars in most of the plays shown us. I knew just what their acting would be in Amherst, and they did not disappoint me. Tallulah Bankhead has never done better work than she is doing this season as Mrs. Tanqueray, and I say that with a lively recollection of her marvelous acting in *Little Foxes*. Jane Cowl has never been more spirited and charming than in the Shaw play. Ina Claire had played in *Biography* during its original run in New York, and I was again impressed by the élan and color of her interpretation of the star rôle.

Kitty Carlisle was delightful in *Tonight At 8:30*. Fred Stone in *Ah, Wilderness* was his quiet, lovable self. Incidentally he introduced into the play a youth who is probably one of our leading actors of the future—Merritt O'Duel.

But all this is leading up to the delicate question which fills my mind. Given plays like this and present and future stars like these to act them, *why* are Amherst and the people of its surrounding Massachusetts region letting such plays and players appear in a half empty theatre? I can testify that I have enjoyed these plays and players of the Amherst Drama Festival as much as I did the same plays in New York. There is a great charm in watching new stars develop, and in seeing how the best plays of a decade or more ago stand the acid tests of today. The Kirby Memorial Theatre should be crowded at every performance.

Nevertheless, I have seen only one really good-sized audience there. Fifty miles away, at Stockbridge, every seat is taken for plays and players of less distinction. This is not a criticism, for as a rule the Berkshire Playhouse offerings are more modern plays with less famous players. Its larger attendance is due, I think—and I hope this will not hurt the feelings of Amherst's summer residents—to the fact that the Berkshire audiences are more sophisticated. They are from New York, Boston and other large cities. They are used to seeing good plays well acted, and they find special pleasure in the work of gifted amateurs.

In short, I have a dark suspicion that the summer residents of Amherst and its surroundings are not appreciating what they are being offered. Certainly, if the present lukewarm support of the Festival is continued, Mr. Kennedy will be justified in transferring his productions to a town whose citizens, as a whole, have a wider and clearer vision of the theatre's art and importance.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

CAPTAIN CAUTION. A maritime melodrama dealing obliquely with the War of 1812 comes as a welcome departure from the more florid glorifications of Queen Elizabeth's pirates which apparently rule the cinema seas. In a glorious adaptation by Grover Jones from a Kenneth Roberts novel, this film sets a high standard of unusual seafaring excitement, following the fortunes of an American merchant bark whose master is slain in a British attack and whose new mistress determines to convert it into a vengeful privateer. But a former slave trader connives to take over both mistress and ship with English assistance, forcing the owner's boyhood sweetheart to use brain and brawn to win it back and set a homeward course for Arundel. Richard Wallace loses no time in setting a spanking pace for the action. A good cast profits from characterizations more rounded than usual in a robust film of this type, and Victor Mature, Louise Platt, Bruce Cabot, Leo Carrillo and Vivienne Osborne carry the piece with an even blend of heroism, intrigue and comedy. It may not seem neighborly at the moment to revive memories of Britain's attempt to drive early Americans from the seas, but this is recommended for adults, who can judge its rather violent codes, as *lively entertainment*. (United Artists)

BOOM TOWN. Taking a cue from the subject of this lusty film, the producers have crowded it with star names and spectacular excitements which are calculated to create something of a boom at the box office. The Texas oil fields are productive of more than black gold in this story, as two prospecting friends are almost separated by their interest in the same woman. The successful suitor grows rich and negligent, and ruins his friend when the latter tries to reform him. Peace is restored only after the oil baron has been helped over a monopoly charge by the mistreated rival. The romantic tangle, however, is not the most gripping part of the picture, taking second place when realistic scenes of the oil fields are introduced. Thanks to Jack Conway's brisk direction, the length of the film is an asset rather than a liability. Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable play with suitable vigor, but none of the rôles, including those of Claudette Colbert and Hedy Lamarr, are very profound. There are a few racy lines buried in the crackling dialog, but the picture is unobjectionable as *hardboiled adult fare*. (MGM)

THE GOLDEN FLEECING. An amusing crisis develops when an ambitious insurance salesman makes out a large policy to a gangster with a price on his head. The agent finds keeping the client alive a career in itself but, with the aid of a shrewd girl friend, emerges wealthy from an attempt to fleece him of his share in the reward when the gangster is finally given up. This is a minor comedy but directed with flashes of humorous inspiration, bolstered by good performances from Lew Ayres, Rita Johnson and Virginia Grey. It will amuse less exacting family audiences. (MGM)

MYSTERY SEA RAIDER. There is a half-hearted attempt at dispassionateness in this exposé of Nazi duplicity on the high seas, but of its nature it falls into the propaganda class. Unfortunately, its action is neither new nor very exciting even under topical labels. An American freighter is converted into a German raider at sea and establishes submarine fueling bases between attacks on Allied shipping. Already the film is partly dated by the rush of world events, and Onslow Stevens, Carole Landis and Henry Wilcoxon are merely adequate. Edward Dmytryk has used commendable restraint in the matter of speech-making, but this is only fair family excitement. (Paramount) THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

BARRY COLLEGE

MIAMI, FLORIDA

Conducted by Sisters of St. Dominic

A Standard Catholic College for Women

• Degrees in Arts, Science, Philosophy, Home Economics and Commercial Education. Special Opportunities in Music, Art and Dramatics. Intensive short courses carrying college credit for seasonal studies.

Beautiful Buildings

Extensive Campus

In America's Most Outstanding Beauty Spot

Perpetual Sunshine — Superb Opportunity for Outdoor Life

NAZARETH

COLLEGE . . . Rochester, N. Y.

Directed by Sisters of Saint Joseph

ARTS, SCIENCE, SECRETARIAL, MUSIC, TEACHER TRAINING, SOCIAL WORK, ART, NURSING COURSE.

URSULINE COLLEGE

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

AFFILIATED TO THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA
The College where Faith, Devotion and Catholic Action Dominate High Scholarships. Joined with Fine Social Life. Courses Leading to Degrees in Arts, Sciences and Philosophy. Teachers Certificates. Commercial and Secretarial Training. For further information, address Office of the Dean, 2635 State St., New Orleans, La.

IMMACULATA

JUNIOR COLLEGE and High School

Conducted by Sisters of Providence of Saint Mary-of-the-Woods. Accredited 2-year courses. Home Economics, Music, Secretarial. Accredited high school. Also Dunbar Hall, grades 1-8. All sports—riding. Address Sister Secretary, Box 886, Washington, D. C.

SIBBEL'S

traditions pay you in dollars as well as in satisfaction

Stations of the Cross in Marble, Stone, Bronze and Composition

Marble Altars Pulpits Baptisries

Credence Tables

Communion Railings

Pedestals

High and Low Relief Panels

Monuments

Statues

Models in Clay

prepared on any desired subject under your Personal Supervision in our New York Studio

Scale Models

Wrought Iron

Bronze

Venetian and Florentine Mosaics

SIBBEL in religious art means the BEST Continuous Service for Half a Century

JOSEPH SIBBEL STUDIO, INC.

214 East 26th Street

New York, N. Y.

INCORPORATED IN 1897
TRINITY COLLEGE WASHINGTON, D. C.
An Institution for the Higher Education of Women
 Conducted by The Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur
 For Particulars Address The Secretary of the College

College of St. Elizabeth

A Catholic College for Women, on the approved list of the Association of American Universities. Campus of 400 acres. Modern residence halls. Regular arts courses, pre-medical, secretarial, teacher-training, music, home economics, science. Degree—B.A. and B.S. in Home Economics.
 For catalogue, address the Dean, Convent Station, New Jersey

COLLEGE OF SAINT TERESA

Winona, Minnesota

For the Higher Education of Catholic Women
 Holds membership in the North Central Association of Colleges, Accredited by the Association of American Universities, Registered for Teacher's License by New York Board of Regents. Degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Science in Nursing. Picturesquely located on the upper Mississippi. One hundred acre campus. Served by the "Zephyr," "Hiawatha," "The 400."
 ONLY FIVE HOURS RIDE FROM CHICAGO

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles Street, Baltimore, Maryland

An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional Advantages.
 FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS THE REGISTRAR

COLLEGE MISERICORDIA, DALLAS, PENNSYLVANIA

10 miles from Wilkes-Barre Catholic *Accredited
 RESIDENTIAL AND DAY
 Degrees in Liberal Arts, Science, Music, from London, England
 Pre-Law; Pre-Medical.
 100-acre country campus, metropolitan advantages.
 SELF-EDUCATION STRESSED
 DISTINCTIVE ADDRESS REGISTRAR

ALBERTUS MAGNUS

COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
 Conducted by Dominican Sisters
 Proximity to Yale University
 offers exceptional educational advantages.
 NEW HAVEN CONNECTICUT

MARYGROVE

A Catholic College that prepares young women for Catholic Life and Catholic Leadership in the world as it is today.
 ADDRESS REGISTRAR, MARYGROVE COLLEGE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

REGIS COLLEGE, WESTON, MASS.

A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women Incorporated under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts with full power to confer degrees. Standard courses leading to the degrees, Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science (curricula in Household Economics and in Secretarial Science). For Catalogue, address: THE REGISTRAR.

ROSEMONT COLLEGE, ROSEMONT, PENNA.

● Catholic College for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by Religious of the Holy Child Jesus. Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts and Sciences. Resident and non-resident students. 11 miles from Philadelphia. Main Line, P.R.R. Fully Accredited—Junior Year Abroad—Telephone: Bryn Mawr 14
 ADDRESS: THE REGISTRAR

Mt. St. Mary-on-the-Hudson, Newburgh, N.Y.

—OFFERS YOUR DAUGHTER—

1. Training for character and health in an atmosphere, healthful, distinctive, Catholic.
2. Intellectual standard accredited by the University of the State of New York and Association of the Middle States and Maryland.
3. Modern fireproof buildings.
4. Sixty-eight acre campus overlooking the Hudson.
5. Athletic field and new gymnasium.

Illustrated booklet upon request. Sisters of St. Dominic

EVENTS

A ship, plowing through a mine-infested sea, strikes a mine. There is a thunderous explosion, the ship vanishes beneath the waves. . . . A second vessel, a third, a fourth, a fifth crash into mines, shudder, squirm, sink into the deep. . . . A sixth vessel, its pilot equipped with charts of the mine-field, maneuvers cautiously, safely, through the perilous waters, reaches port with all on board. . . . The various Protestant churches picking their way through the sea of the centuries, a sea filled with spiritual mines, mines designed to shatter faith in Christ. . . . One church hits a spiritual mine. With all on board, it sinks into the dark waters of Doubt. . . . A second church, a third, a fourth, a fifth crash into spiritual mines, shudder, squirm, vanish into the Christless deep. . . . One Church alone, its Pilot possessing supreme knowledge of the mine-infested centuries, maneuvers cautiously, safely through the years. . . .

In the year of Our Lord, 1540. . . . A Catholic priest, addressing his people, warning them of the perilous tendencies inherent in the Protestant upheaval which was then in its infancy: "Christ established the Catholic Church and endowed it with power to preserve, free from all error, the sublime truths of His revelation. He did not impart that power to any other organization. These new churches which are springing up around us are man-made, and no man-made institution can be free from error. This new Protestant movement may for a while hold on to some of Christ's doctrines, but as time passes, more and more error will creep in, until finally there will be mostly error, little or no truth. Those who reject some of Christ's teachings will eventually reject all of them. Followers of this new movement are today defying Christ's Church. In the years to come, their descendants will defy Christ Himself." . . .

1640 A. D. A small church in Boston, Mass. A Protestant minister preaching: "We believe in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, in the Atonement, in the inspiration of Holy Writ, in the. . . ." . . . The congregation, responding: "We believe in God, the Father Almighty, in Jesus Christ, His Son, in the Holy Ghost."

1840 A.D. A large, ivy-covered church in Boston. In its pulpit a Protestant minister addressing a fashionable congregation: "A dispute has arisen as to what one must believe to be eligible for membership in this congregation. To clarify the situation, I wish to state that it is preferable for our parishioners to believe in a Supreme Being in some form. Concerning such non-essentials as the inspiration of the Bible, the existence of Hell, the Divinity of Christ, immortality of the soul, etc., each one may follow his or her own personal prepossessions."

1940 A. D. . . . Headline in a Boston newspaper: "Minister Urges Churches to Drop Christ for Psychology." . . . In the sermon, thus described, a Protestant minister, in one of Boston's most historic churches, advocated the elimination of Christ, elimination of every vestige of the supernatural from religion. . . .

1940 A. D. . . . Catholic priests, speaking from pulpits throughout the United States and Canada, throughout South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, teaching, without the slightest change, the identical doctrines which were taught by Catholic priests in 1540 A. D., 1040 A. D., 540 A. D., and 140 A. D. . . . Truth does not change.

Ships, striking mines, sinking. . . . Churches, hitting spiritual mines, falling apart. . . . THE PARADER